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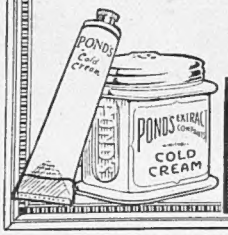

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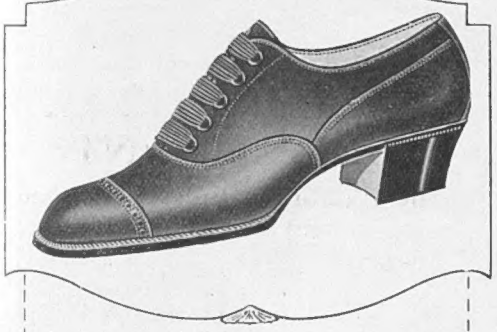

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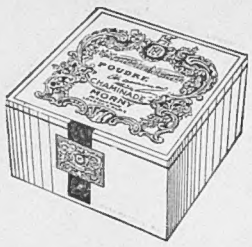

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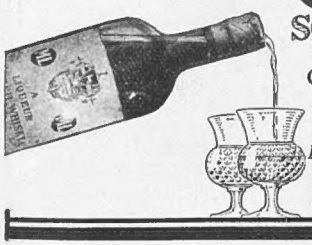

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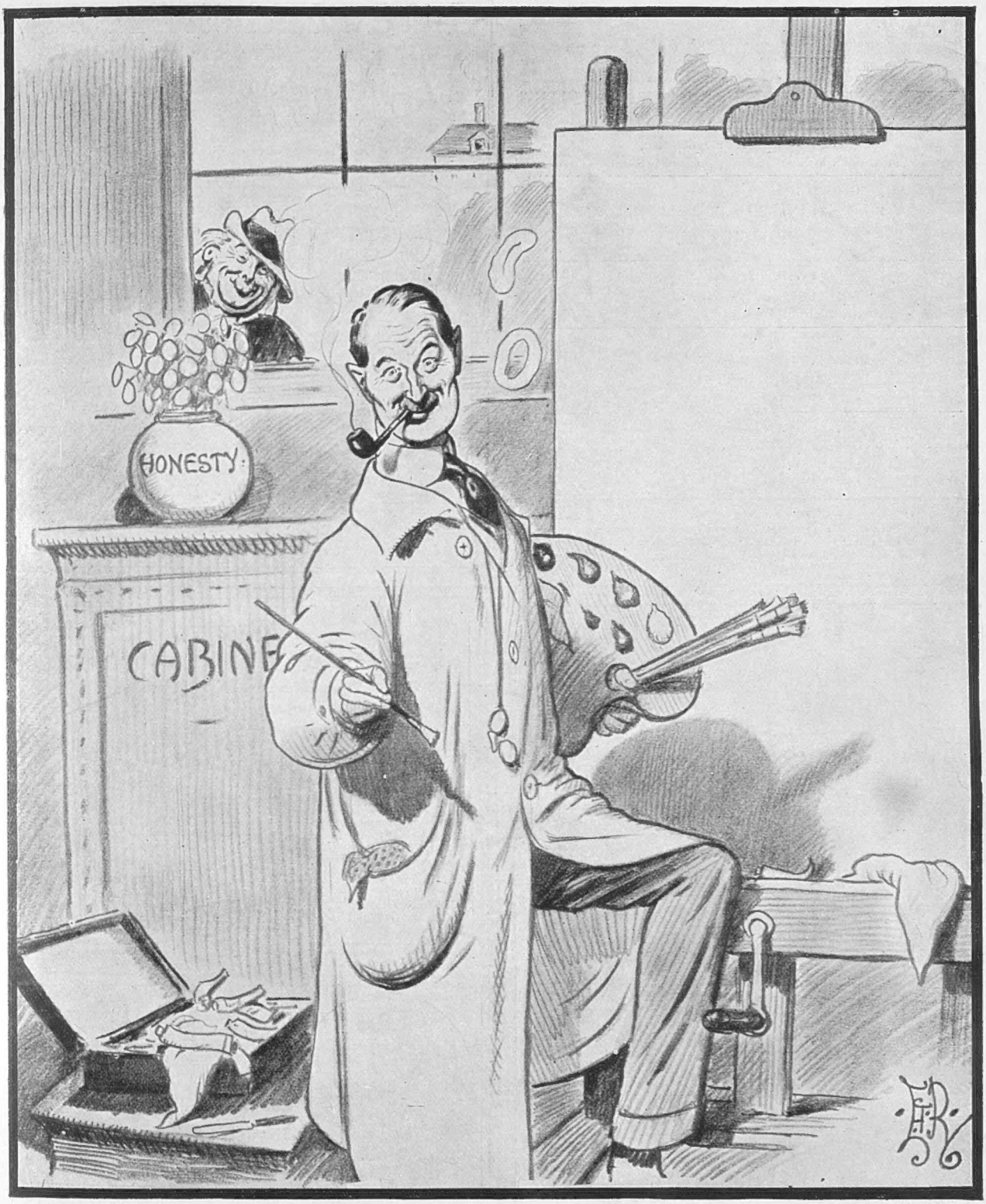
The BYSTANDER



BY E. T. REED

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

By Jack Walker

Honest to the Verge of Simplicity

Exit Lloyd George

In the natural order of things a Coalition breaks up, and new parties are fissiparously evolved. The course of recent events is, therefore, a quite normal one. It is too early yet to prophesy the state of the parties that will be represented in the new House of Commons; but it would be improper to take leave of Mr. Lloyd George without a bowing acknowledgment of distinguished services rendered. Opinions will differ as to his policy in some directions, but the country is unanimous in its gratitude to the man whose cheering words and inspiring optimism in the darker days of the War kept the Empire rightly confident of ultimate success. That aspect of the retiring Premier will be remembered when merely controversial matters are forgotten.

Pro Tem.

In his address to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales Mr. Lloyd George playfully suggested that his greeting should have been *Morituri te salutant*. He might have added for his own part, *Resurgam*. Retiring Ministers have a way of rising, phœnix-like, from their ashes, with, as the Psalmist puts it, their youth renewed like the eagle's. History tells us of many great men who have sojourned for a while in the wilderness and have come back with a new inspiration and a new energy. Mr. Lloyd George's friends are assured that in his case history will repeat itself.

Enter Bonar Law

Mr. Bonar Law takes office with the resolve to leave free play to the initiative of the individual. That, after all, is the principle on which the Empire was built up. Life evolves from homogeneity into heterogeneity, which is another way of saying that until the individual emerges from the mass there is no progress. The modern tendency has been towards thinking and acting in the mass; whereas we know that nearly all the benefits, from the steam engine to, say, the wireless telephone, that make life easier for us to-day, have been the work of individuals, and not of groups of people. Mr. Lloyd George humorously remarked in his speech at Leeds that Mr. Bonar Law had put himself in the position of a horseman who was holding on, not to the reins, but the tail. It may be said for Mr. Bonar Law that he found the horse was bolting and he had to run after it and catch it by its nearest end. Now that he is in the saddle, it is expected of him that he will turn the horse's head, and favour a stable policy. In any case, the present change is only the swing of the pendulum in politics, and variety is the soul of life.

"He Travels the Fastest Who Travels Alone"

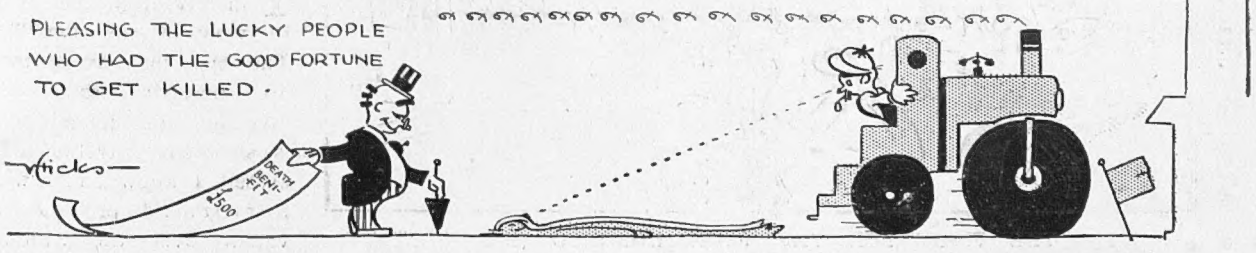
They Don't Like Kipling

Women are taking very little interest, really, in the coming election. They look upon it as a muckle of ado about a mickle of nothing, and dismiss an election address with the same sniff that they reserve for an after-dinner speech. But there are lots of things women don't like. They don't like Kipling—probably because he wrote:

White hands cling to the tightened rein,
Slipping the spur from the booted heel,
Tenderest voices cry, "Turn again,"
Red lips tarnish the scabbarded steel,
High hopes faint on a warm hearth stone—
He travels the fastest who travels alone.

The Individualist

The tangle of parties and politics is straightening out, and the clash is likely to concern the Individualist who reckons he has a right to what he can get and the other fellow who reckons he has a right to what he is given. Myself, I am one of those simple souls who think a man is worth just as much as his wits can win for him. I have little use for the man who fears the adventure of life. I once dreamed



BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

that I had got a job in the Civil Service—and I woke up screaming. The soft job and the certain wage don't appeal to me in the least—any more than they appeal to the average person. The man who is worth his salt does not fear his fate so much that he dare not put it to the touch—to gain or lose it all.

Fireworks and the Fifth

I THOUGHT last year that the anniversary of Guy Fawkes' attempt to dissolve Parliament was rather anæmically celebrated. I saw no old gentleman tearing down the street with a squib firmly lashed to his coat-tails or the local prohibition meeting havoc-ed by a Chinese cracker, but this year, with a vigorous display of political pyrotechnics bursting and rocketing around us, "Brock's Best," if we may rely upon the office boy's word and the evidence of a bandaged finger and the temporary loss of an eyebrow, must have been disposed of to their last coloured match. Catherine wheels are at a premium, Roman Candles sold out! Firework day is next Sunday. H'm, is there a law preventing the release of a Jack-in-the-Box on the Sabbath? I must really see my solicitor.

By W. E. WIGFULL

A DIFFICULT CHOICE!

"Quelle Binette!"

WE are getting so refined that we can't face the word "slop basin," and the word has gone forth that "*binette*" must be used in future. Strange, but I always thought "*binette*" was a slang word for "face," corresponding in the vernacular to "comic dial" or "ugly mug." I have heard of it being used by young ladies in convent schools abroad. I suppose that when one young lady remarked "*Quelle binette!*" she intended to convey that the other young lady had a face like a slop basin.

Newspaper Insurance

IT seems likely that newspaper insurance will lapse with the present year, and that newspapers will return to their normal functions. The whole idea was wrong, and the papers have discovered that they only succeeded in pleasing the lucky people who had the good fortune to get killed. And dead people, so far as I am aware, don't read newspapers. Indeed, that is one of the great advantages in being dead. There may be others, but they are not quite so obvious. Perhaps fire insurance would be more appropriate. As I heard a merry fellow sing a few weeks ago:

The papers now insure our lives,
And so are loved by all our wives—
My wife is feeling most upset
Because I haven't been killed as yet!
When you peg out, my dear old thing,
Their fire insurance is the thing,
And when you step on a rusty nail
Be sure you carry the—(no names, no pack-drill).

The Call of the Car

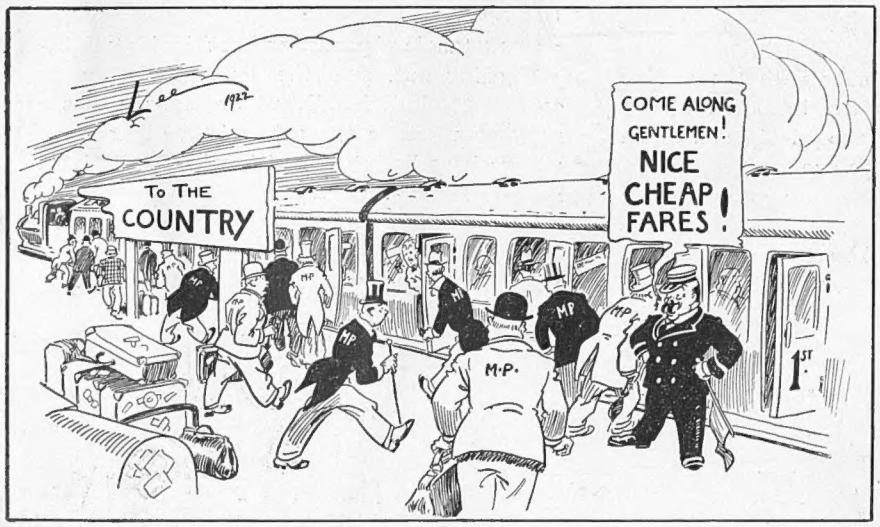
THE position of motoring in the world of sport is very curious. First of all, the young bloods took to cycling and performed prodigies of daring on the track. Then they all bought racing cars, and risked their necks in a new way. Later still, they took up flying and one would have thought that they had achieved their ultimated thrills.

Essential Excitement

BUT, no! When flying began to pall, they came back to the motor-car for that essential excitement which their souls desire. And it says much for the lure of Brooklands, that the racing thrills down Weybridge way have got air-stunting cold. If you have once seen "the Count" hurtling round the saucer track, flying is about as exciting as walking out with your great aunt, or pushing a pram.

Over the Top

I AM not writing this merely from the point of view of the onlooker. The fact that flying men are deserting their late love for the sporting-car is sufficient corroboration. Myself, I know a man who performed prodigies of valour over the western



THE FIGHT FOR THE FOUR HUNDRED (P. A.) By JOE LEE

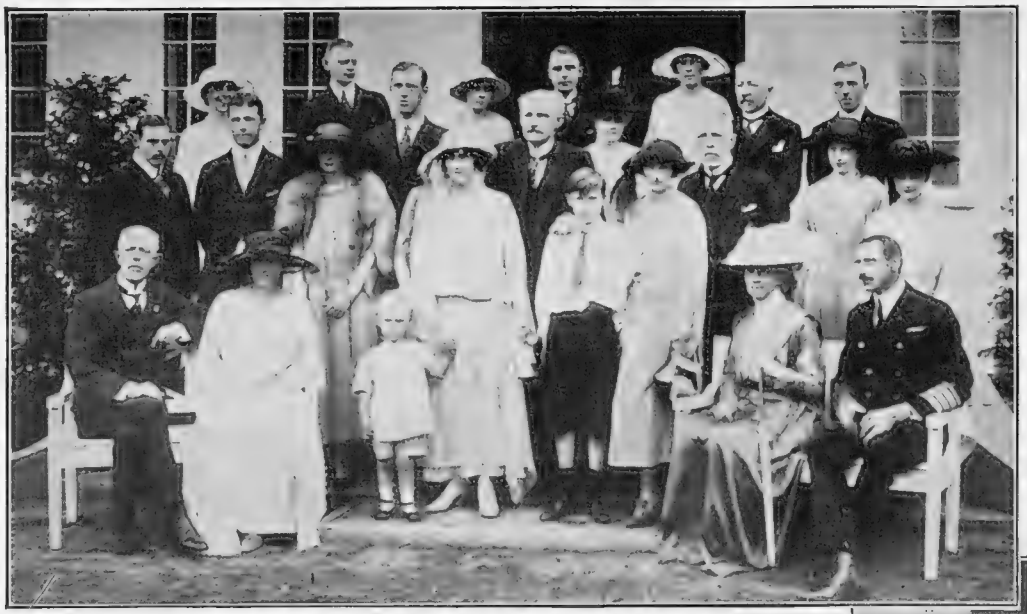
By Wilmot Lunt

A SPLENDID "SPARE WHEEL" TO TAKE WITH ONE TO THE COUNTRY

front, and yet he speaks in a hushed voice of the giants who cover their hundred miles on the track, when a burst tyre or slight miscalculation sends you "over the top" with a vengeance.

Blame! Blame! Blame!

Sir Squire Bancroft has been trotting out the old lament that the art of the actor passes with his passing from the footlights. Well, you can't have your cake *and* eat it. The actor is swamped with adulation during his working life. He gets more praise than he deserves and more than is good for him. How often do you hear of a play being spoiled by bad acting? Very seldom! Yet good plays *have* been killed by poor acting and bad casting, just as inferior plays have been made by the magic of the mummer's art. It is a truism that the author is *always* blamed for a dramatic failure, whatever its cause, and if the poor fellow gets a crust of appreciation thrown to him after he is dead, you can bet your boots that he deserves it.



Photograph *Central News*

A ROYAL HOUSE PARTY: THE KINGS AND QUEENS OF DENMARK AND SWEDEN WITH THEIR FAMILIES

A portrait-group taken recently at Fredhem, Prince Carl of Sweden's country house, near Norrkoping, where he entertained his brother, the King of Sweden, the Queen, and the King and Queen of Denmark and others of his Royal relations. First row (seated) from left to right are: The King of Sweden, the Queen of Denmark, the Queen of Sweden and the King of Denmark. First row (standing): Prince Gustav of Denmark, the Crown Prince of Sweden, Princess Axel of Denmark, Princess Carl of Sweden, holding the hand of her eldest grandchild, little Prince George, Prince Carl of Sweden, little Prince Carl (the latter's only son), Princess Martha of Sweden, Prince Bernadotte of Sweden, and the Princesses Dagmar and Thyra of Denmark. Last row: the third figure from the left is Prince Axel of Denmark, the sixth figure Princess Bernadotte, and the eighth figure (second from the right) Prince Eugene of Sweden

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Crisis

THE political crisis brought the King immediately from York Cottage to London, and kept him for nearly a week at Buckingham Palace, the first time, I believe, during his reign that His Majesty has been so long in residence in London without the Court, and certainly the first time that a King of England has stayed at a London palace all swathed in dust sheets except for his own private apartments.

But in these times of haste sudden crises call for quick response. If—as under the old rule they would have been obliged to do—resigning Ministers had had to go to Sandringham, to be followed by incoming Ministers, there would have been delay upon delay. Instead the King came to London, and the crisis passed from cause to effect as neatly and definitely as the action of a well-constructed play.

Besides, being in London kept the King in closest touch with every phase that followed the bursting of the bombshell.

What a curious history it all is. I mean socially, not politically. Literally, in one snap of the fingers a new order of might and power swept out of office and in its place the old order! It's the swing of the pendulum that may be the beginning of a lot of changes. Who knows, perhaps our granddaughters will be horrified to hear that we and their grandmothers danced at night clubs? I mean it seriously. History goes on repeating itself. Our mothers and fathers never went to night clubs because they had been squashed by public opinion when they were babies. But their mothers and fathers went to Almachs and similar dancing-places just as we go to the Embassy and Ciro's.

Of course, one big barrier against the pendulum swinging too far back into the Victorian heaviness and gloom is the hotel and restaurant life we have all become accustomed to. We of this generation have made these institutions, and I hope the next generation will be proportionately grateful.

Feeling Comfortable Again

A DEAR old friend of mine who has seen countless Governments go out and come in remarked when she read the list of new Ministers, "The old names—Salisbury, Devonshire, Derby. Really, it makes me feel quite comfortable again."

Ministerial Flittings

THE bombshell in Downing Street has had a domestic effect which is entirely lost to view in the tenderings of resignations and the kissing of hands on taking seals of office.

Those Ministers with official residences have had to make a rapid evacuation to give room for their successors. And when you have been *planté* for some years in an official residence it is astonishing what a lot of things you collect about you. So there's been a hectic packing up and a feverish consultation of official and private inventories.

All sorts of domestic questions arise, and the settlement of those rest with the Minister's wife. Some of the questions are delicate. During an Administration some years ago a Minister's wife covered some of the

Photograph *Keystone*

"THE SENIOR GRAND WARDEN OF FREEMASONS"

The Prince of Wales at the Royal Albert Hall last week after his investiture by the Grand Master, the Duke of Connaught, as Senior Grand Warden of the United Grand Lodge of Ancient, Free and Accepted Masons of England. This is the first occasion on which an Heir-Apparent to the Throne has accepted a position in Grand Lodge other than its Grand Mastership and the Duke of Connaught expressed the hope that H. R. H. would also occupy the position that his grandfather, Edward VII., had held

chairs and sofas in the official drawing-room with chintz at her own expense. When the Administration went out of office, naturally she took her chintz covers. By some mistake they had been entered on the inventory as national property, and by a further error she was accused of having removed the chairs and sofas as well! Unfortunately, the wife of the succeeding Minister accepted an official's statement that her predecessor had "pinched" national furniture from the drawing-room—and repeated it. There *was* a bobbery and how-d'ye-do. It all but ended in a Cabinet crisis.

Finding New Abodes

THE domestic side of departure from office falls much more hardly on the wives of Ministers than on the Ministers themselves. It means the immediate packing-up of every garment and possession belonging to the family, and if the departing Minister hasn't an abode of his own in London it means, too, the immediate finding of some furnished *gite* where the ex-ones can all lay their heads and unpack their boxes. And then, too, for most ex-Ministers nowadays, and especially for ex-Ministers' wives, there is the pennies question. To lose several thousands a year literally in a day puts a different complexion on life.

Saved by a Bathroom

WE are not so generous in the way of official residences to our Ministers as the French, so when our Governments go out and come in not nearly so many pantechnicons are necessary. The biggest *déménagement* has been at Admiralty House, which Lord and Lady Lee decorated with some good tapestries—most useful in covering bare wall spaces—and pictures.

A bathroom has saved Lord and Lady Birkenhead the worry of a household removal. Lord Birkenhead, you will remember, was anxious to take up his residence in the official house of the Lords Chancellor, a house close to the Speaker's, of which his predecessors had fought very shy for I don't know how long.

All sorts of improvements had to be made before it could be habitable by the holder of the Great Seal of England and his family. The Committee of the House of Commons, which settles these domestic questions—isn't it called the Committee of Ways and Means? Partner, I leave it to you—boggled and finally refused to take the fence over an estimate for a bathroom.

Lord Birkenhead said he would not occupy the house unless the bathroom were provided. The Committee said, "Bless your heart, *we* don't mind"—in proper Parliamentary phraseology, of course—and so "F.E." remained on at his house in Grosvenor Gardens, and as a result now that he has handed over the Great Seal, and vacated his seat on the Woolsack to Lord Cave, he hasn't had to send for a pantechnicon or pack up anything.

Photographs RE-ECHOES OF NEWMARKET *Topical*

The Countess of Ancaster and Lady Newborough at the Cambridgeshire Handicap last week, won by the Derby truant who until this race has always evinced such affection for the starter's tie (or maybe his socks) that he would never leave the gate

"New Democratic Houses"

THERE is an august lady, one of whose relaxations in a very busy life is the furnishing and decoration of dolls' houses. She is always collecting doll's furniture—and you would be surprised to find what an amount of it is made until you begin to look for it. Gradually, all that is collected

Photograph A SHOOTING PARTY THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN ROYAL *Vandyk*

It must have been with great disappointment that His Majesty and the Prince of Wales were unable at the last moment to accept Sir Laurence Philipps' invitation to shoot over his coverts at Six Mile Bottom. Some of those invited to meet His Majesty were, from left to right (standing): Lord Pembroke, Sir Matthew Wilson, Sir Laurence Philipps, Lord Lovat, Geoffrey Philipps, Hanning Philipps, Wogan Philipps. Seated: Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Pembroke, Lady Philipps, the Hon. Margaret Best

Photograph *Hay Wrighson*

MISS CHARLOTTE D'ERLANGER

The daughter of Lady Galway and the late Baron d'Erlanger, whose engagement to Mr. Roderick P. G. Denman, son of Mr. Arthur Denman, of 12, Harley Gardens, and the late Mrs. Denman, was quite recently announced. Miss d'Erlanger is a most attractive girl, and was at all the big dances last season; Lady Galway herself gave several for her daughter

finds its place, and always an appropriate place, in a doll's house.

As each house is furnished *cap-à-pie* it is given to a children's hospital or a *crêche*, and another one is started.

Recently the august lady was showing a completed doll's house to a friend. It was complete in every detail from electric bell-pushes in every room to miniature hot-water bottles neatly arranged in the bathroom.

"It is perfect," said the friend, "but the most important room in a house is missing. There's no kitchen!"

"Ah, but this is one of the 'new democratic houses,'" the august lady replied. "The people can't get any servants, so they have to go out for their meals."

A Lordly Club-house

THE Ladies' Imperial Club in Dover Street has taken to itself another name and another habitation. It is now the Ladies' Carlton Club, and is housed in Lord Islington's former abode in Chesterfield Gardens. The alterations have made it one of the finest women's club-houses in London. The big gold-and-white ballroom at the back of the house will be the dining-room, whilst the old dining-room and the study, looking out on the back of Chesterfield House, have been turned, the first into a smoking-room, with the easiest of easy chairs I have ever sat upon, and the second into a cardroom.

The cardroom has an innovation I wish male clubs would imitate. All the tables have separate covers, the colour of the furniture upholstery, blue, which fit closely by means of an elastic. They can thus be taken off and cleaned whenever necessary — you know the stains and marks that card-tables always attract to themselves, which in the end mean the table being sent to a cabinet-maker to put on a new cloth.

Photograph *Sport and General*

A NAVAL GARDEN PARTY AT TRINIDAD

Rear-Admiral Sir Walter H. Cowan, Lady Wilson and her husband, the Governor of Trinidad, Colonel Sir Samuel Wilson, at a garden party at Government House, in honour of the visit of Sir Walter Cowan, who is in command of the Atlantic Battle-Cruiser Squadron, and the officers of H.M.S. "Hood" and "Repulse." The West Indies are just comfortably cool these days—ideal for garden parties and those wonderful moonlight picnics

Photograph *Topical*

AT THE KENNEL CLUB'S RETRIEVER TRIALS

The Earl of Bradford with his brother, Colonel Henry Bridgeman, at the Kennel Club's 11th Annual Retriever Trials at Aqualate, near Newport, Salop, last week

No change has been made in the decorations of the rooms, except perhaps, here and there a touch or two to bring out the beauties of the fine ceilings, and the gorgeous claret coloured brocade on the drawing room walls has, most wisely, been left *in situ*. The kitchen has a scientific marvel. A big cooking range with I don't know how many rings for pots and pans, stands in the centre, but with no chimney, although the cooking is done by coal. By an ingenious arrangement the smoke, instead of going upwards, is sucked downwards into a passage under the floor, which carries it to a flue in the kitchen wall—it suggests the solution of smoky chimneys.

But how times change! The big houses in Grosvenor Place, and many in Grosvenor Gardens, are now given up to mercantile offices, and lastly a ladies' club invades the former sacrosanct solitude of Chesterfield Gardens, right under the back windows of Chesterfield House.

The Ball at Wilton

NO *débutante* ever had a more gorgeous setting for her coming-out ball than Lady Patricia Herbert at Wilton, at which the Prince of Wales was present. Much of the furniture and decorations of the great house near Salisbury, built after the Italian manner, when Henry, VIII and Edward VI were reigning, have been there for over three hundred years.

Photograph MISS ELIZABETH IRVING *Bassano*

A new portrait of the daughter of the great "H. B.," who is taking a prominent part in "The Happy Ending," a new play by Ian Hay, which Mr. Robert Loraine will present in London after a provincial tour. This will only be Miss Irving's second professional appearance in London, as she has not acted here since her début as Titania in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Court Theatre nearly two years ago

The south front, which overlooks the superb Italian garden, was designed under the supervision of Charles I. and the Prince of Wales could find many other royal memories in the wonderful rooms crammed with Renaissance furniture. The ball was the great event in the West, every house for miles round having big parties, and big contingents, including Lady Mary Thynne, coming over from Longleat. Wilton itself was crowded even to its big capacity.

Diana in the Shires

THIS morning, even as you turn these leaves, the hunting-horn will be re-echoing down valley and up hill, and hounds are moving to the meet, with huntsmen cracking their long-thonged whips, and even if it's raining, which, all praise to the sun, it won't be, it won't damp your true sportsman's spirits. Prospects are good all round, so our hunting correspondent tells me, and with the opening of the new season simultaneously have the publishers released new books of the chase. *Galloping Shoes*, by Will H. Ogilvie, and illustrated by an artist whose work is often in these pages, Lionel Edwards, is a collection of verse by a man who has hunted with the best and ridden with the fastest, and if it is not poetry it is at least enjoyable reading.

Photograph THE CAMERA AT ST. MARGARET'S *Keystone*

Captain the Hon. Donald Howard, late 3rd King's Own Hussars, and eldest son of the late Mr. Robert J. B. Howard and of Lady Strathcona and Mount Royal, with his bride, Diana, daughter of Mr. Gerald and Lady Louise Loder, of Wakehurst Place, Ardingley, Sussex, and granddaughter of the tenth Duke of St. Albans. The bridegroom, who is heir to the Strathcona barony, is prospective candidate for North Cumberland, and the honeymoon will be, in consequence, much curtailed by the General Election

Annals of the Fox

THE other book by me is a more authoritative work. *Records of the Chase*, by Cecil, makes its bow to the bookstalls for the third time, and is illustrated by some original engravings. From the origin of hunting to the objects of hunting, and with memoirs of some of the most celebrated sportsmen and descriptions of the more "fashionable hunting countries," the book, unaltered from its first publication in 1854, is a wealth of interesting detail and accomplishment in England's fox-world.

DOWN TO BRASS TACKS

THE A.B.C. OF DOG-KEEPING

By "THE KENNELMAN" *Sketches by NICOLSON*

If anyone doubts the strength of the recovery that has set in this year from the rather deadly slump in Dogdom that was forced upon us by the War, I fancy a sight of the correspondence that rolls in on me from interested readers of these notes would convince him. I quite recognise that BYSTANDER readers include the jolliest and most sportsmanlike elements of the community, and that such folk are naturally keen on Dogs. But I'm hugely impressed by the numbers who are *beginning*, as well as by the numbers who are coming back to Dogdom, after the long War period of enforced exile. And with what jolly thrills they are re-establishing the old companionship, and getting busy over litters to carry off next year's prizes! Best of good luck to them all, say I!

To get down to brass tacks in the matter of helping the beginners, I wish I commanded some specially bold, big type to emphasise the vital importance of certain elementary facts; if only to save many the trouble of writing me enquiries about the same things (not but what I welcome the letters that bring me into touch with so many Dog-lovers), and, still more, to save 'em from blunders and disappointments, and their Dogs from unnecessary over-weighting in Life's Handicap.

The old hands in the happy study of Dog-lore must just excuse me for rubbing in the obvious. My BYSTANDER post-bag proves the need; and all truly doggy folk are agreed in wanting to help the newcomers, and steer 'em clear of pitfalls. So here goes for the A.B.C.; and, please, imagine it heavily underscored in letters as big as your best Dog-pal's heart.

Keeping Dogs in perfect health is easier, safer, and surer than the cleverest of Dog-doctoring. Canine veterinary incomes depend mainly on Dog-owners' blunders. Given a fair chance, nine Dogs in ten never need taste medicine, bar an occasional vermifuge or simple purgative.

Nine-and-ninety per cent. of avoidable doggy disorders are due to incorrect feeding; so both ends and the middle of the business of maintaining perfect health and condition is—DIET. No, please don't reply that you thought Dogs could eat almost anything. So can you and I—if we have to. Point is you want your Dogs to *thrive*; and, really, to thrive, they must be given the right grub, for the simple reason that, by attaching them to our own kind of life we've definitely debarred 'em from providing their own dietary.

Your Dogs, no matter what their

breed or circumstances, are, and must be, carnivorous. You could keep them *alive* on starch. If you want them to *thrive*, the basic foundation of their dietary must be flesh. The Dog's digestive system is the antithesis of that of herbivorous beasts; it is small and strictly limited; quality is far more important for it than bulk; lean flesh is its most valuable food. A cow needs *filling*; a Dog does *not*. He needs *feeding*. Mere distension is a curse to him. Slops (or an exclusively starchy diet) make for mere distension in Dogs—and for a big proportion of the ills known to canine vets.

"My Terrier is still only a pup—not yet five months—so I feed him chiefly on bread and milk, with greens from our own table every day." That "our own table" idea is fatally misleading—like so many amiable good intentions. Treating a Dog exactly as you treat a human child does *not* mean wise or kind treatment. Guided only by natural laws, in a wild or semi-wild state, the pup will eat flesh, and thrive on it, *long before weaning*.

Give no sloppy food at all to any healthy Dog. Give no food of any kind, not one mouthful, and least of all sweets or the like, *between* meals. After the fourth month two meals a day are sufficient; after full growth, one square meal and one light refection, such as dry biscuit, fill the bill and suit the Dog. His only liquid should be fresh, cold water, available all the time. Let everything he eats demand *mastication*. By barring mince, mess, and muddle—*i.e.*, irregularity — you may avoid medicine, moping, and misery. The better the food the less the cooking wanted. "Greens" are not *food* for a Dog; and the less he eats that is not *food* the better for him. Occasional onions are good; so is an occasional (say monthly) go of equally mixed castor oil and syrup of buckthorn. Regarding proportions of flesh and starch, I, personally, don't believe in going below "fifty-fifty"; but you're not likely to do harm by going above it.

Elementary truisms? Yes, I know, and apologise; but—fact is I regret there's no space for more of 'em. They're needed all right.

Yes (J.M.R., and others), I'm always glad to supply—by letter—the names of what I've found the best proprietary Dog biscuits, etc.

The League of Remembrance

The League of Remembrance is arranging a needlework competition for amateurs, by which the hospitals and infant-welfare centres will entirely benefit by the number of useful garments presented them. In addition to money prizes amounting to £120, three challenge cups are offered for competition. Full particulars and entry forms can be obtained from Mrs. E. H. Gibson, C.B.E., 1, Marlborough Gate, W.2. Patterns must be obtained from Weldon's, Ltd., 30-32, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.2.

On the Re-"Tired" List

BY WILMOT LUNT

"MAN OVER-BORED"

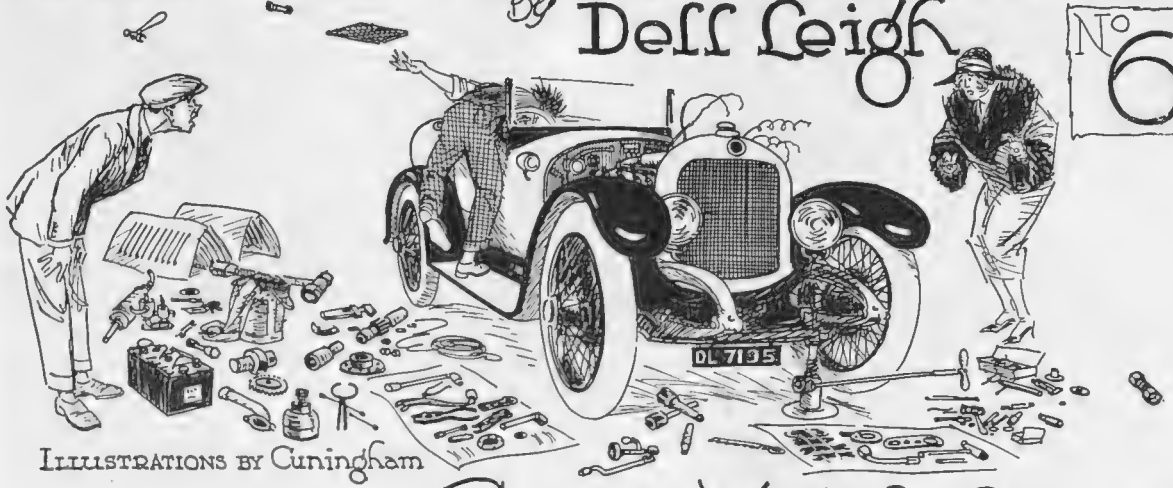
A "DICKEY" BIRD

BY LAURIE TAYLER

The Errant Motorist

By Dell Leigh

No. 6



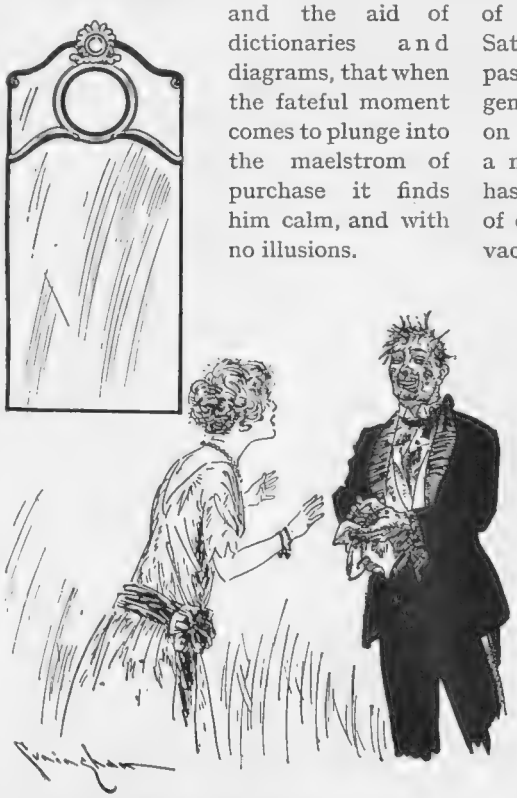
Illustrations by Cuningham

The Sound Middle Classer

THERE is yet another type of car we have not touched upon, which would seem best described as the Sound Middle Classer. I daresay an enumeration of its makes and the variety of its amazing performances would shake the credulity of Bystanders. So we will not enlarge upon that. Nor is there any need. The reader will know the car I mean. Will know also the man who owns one. "Why, of course, that's old Jones's car. Sound man, Jones, gets his money's worth every time." And there you have it.

The S.M.C. is generally a small four-seater affair, rather over-bodied for its power, perhaps, but pulling its weight manfully through an astonishing number of years without break or hindrance. Jones, you must understand, is one of those shrewd, implacable fellows who takes a long time to make up his mind. But having made it, there it is, like a granite-sett paving, immutable. He has been hovering on the edge of car-dom for some years. There has been a War gratuity, perhaps, put by quietly since demobilisation, of the presence of which not even Mrs. Jones has knowledge. He has been absorbing technical motor papers coming up in the train every morning for years, and asking no questions of men who drivel about the superexcellence of their own fatuous cars. No. Jones is one of those corner-stones of industry who firmly supports the statement that the population of London is seven and a half millions—mostly fools, and gets away with it quietly in his own corner of the railway carriage while the rest of them wrangle over bridge hands.

As I say, he has absorbed the technical papers with such assiduity and the aid of dictionaries and diagrams, that when the fateful moment comes to plunge into the maelstrom of purchase it finds him calm, and with no illusions.



"His wife's face when his shirt front came into view"

It is because he is a man without illusions that he avoids the motor-car Agent. He takes a couple of days off from his business, and goes up to Coventry himself, with the manufacturers' correspondence, and carbon copies of his own letters to them, all carefully tabulated in order of date, in his breast pocket. Do not imagine for a moment that he is a novice at driving. On the contrary, a sum of money has been already invested at a Motor School of Instruction during many Saturday afternoons for months past, and he has mastered the gentle art of changing gears, but on other people's cars. Having a natural bent for engineering he has mastered also the contrariness of carburation, the antics of auto-vacs, and the dynamics of dynamos.

So that when he interviews the Sales Manager at Coventry he is not of the breed that asks foolish questions, but he is a driving force to be reckoned with. As such, having jeopardised the fair name of the makers by insisting upon an egregiously large discount for cash, he proceeds to drive her to London, and thence to Coulsdon, near Purley, where the new timber-built and Eternit roofed garage awaits her at the end of the gravel drive.

Although one of the strong, silent men in public, his habitual reserve is broken

down when he finds himself alone with her on the road for the first time, and somewhere between Leamington and Fenny Compton he sits on a bank by the wayside and openly worships her. She is very new, of course, as to paint and furbishings, and she winks and glitters in the autumn sunlight. Jones takes little account of that. What brings a gulp of joy to his throat is that she is so SOUND. Sound everywhere, solid, stable (like himself), and the product of a Firm who made sound middle classers long before the War told them to build aeroplanes instead. He has waited a long time for her, and very nearly fell a victim to her charms during the hot May weather. But in the late autumn, with the winter at hand, manufacturers, even the soundest, look with a less jaundiced eye upon the discount. For, you see, Jones is a supporter of the well-known saying that "in all arguments in the way of business the perquisite is the most prevailing." Her dashboard has just enough upon it and no more. Her tool-box contains the vital needs and no more. But her internal organs contain stamina with a capital S. She is one of those cars you can hammer at viciously in time of stress and not bruise. And Jones is well pleased, with a grim, silent satisfaction.

'Sits on a bank by the wayside and openly worships her"

But, unknown to Jones, the sound middle classer begins to educate him, and in a few months he has become a very skilful and cunning one, an expert in fact, on all S.M.C's. He has become more than that. He has become a friendly fanatic. I think one of the chief reasons why I refuse steadfastly my wife's importunities that I should borrow on my reversionary interest and buy an S.M.C. is that I live in dread of the friendly fanatic. All owners of the S.M.C. become friendly fanatics in the end. It is inevitable. I have seen them at work on other men's cars, and I know. You know who I mean, of course, by the friendly fanatic. People who have not got cars describe him as "a damgood sort." Car-owners call him by other names. I saw a splendid specimen at Walton Heath recently. Brown, in his recently acquired two-seater, had driven me down. It was too wet to play golf, and we were hanging about her in the garage, discussing with scant knowledge a curious "tap-tap" she had developed on the way down.

The friendly fanatic, known to Brown, came up, wiping his hands on cotton waste.

"Curious tapping noise did you say? Where abouts?" A dull gleam of joy appeared in his eyes. Brown haltingly explained, adding, "But don't you bother, my dear chap."

But the F.F. was not to be put off like this, and with a curt:

"No trouble at all, I like it," he dived in head first. Cushions and floor boards were thrown out behind him, much as a terrier at a rabbit scrape, and at his smothered request, from somewhere within her, for "that small box-spanner a minute" I knew what would follow and sought sanctuary in the bar.

Needless to say I lunched with others. I saw no more of Brown or the F.F. until nearly tea-time. Then I saw them from the Smoking Room windows, coming back. They had "had her out on the road a bit, just to see."

Coatless, hatless, smeared with oil, but triumphant, they ignored me utterly.

The "tap" had gone.

"Lunch?" said the F.F., plunging a filthy hand into my cigarette case, "no, by jove, nor have we, what's the time? Never mind, both you fellows are dining with me to-night, eight o'clock, my Missis will be delighted, I'll ring her up, good!"

At eightish Brown and I arrived complete with our dinner jackets, and also the "tap," which had joined up with us again on Putney Hill. The F.F., immaculate in evening clothes, held open the garage door hospitably.

"Come again, has it? H'm; that's funny. Go in and mix the cocktails Brown, old boy. I'll just lock up here; shan't be a minute."

After Brown had mixed the third cocktail, Mrs. F.F. adjured him to go and tell George that the dinner was rapidly congealing. I followed—knowing full well.

A black silk sock and evening shoe sticking out from her side told its own story. He came to the surface at our approach with beads of perspiration on his brow, but the light of victory in his eyes.

"Don't wait for me, you chaps—tell the Missis to carry on. I shan't be a minute. I've got it at last; fool I was, of course. . . ."

We rescued him at 9.30 by sheer force. I wished my wife could have seen his wife's face when his shirt front came into view.

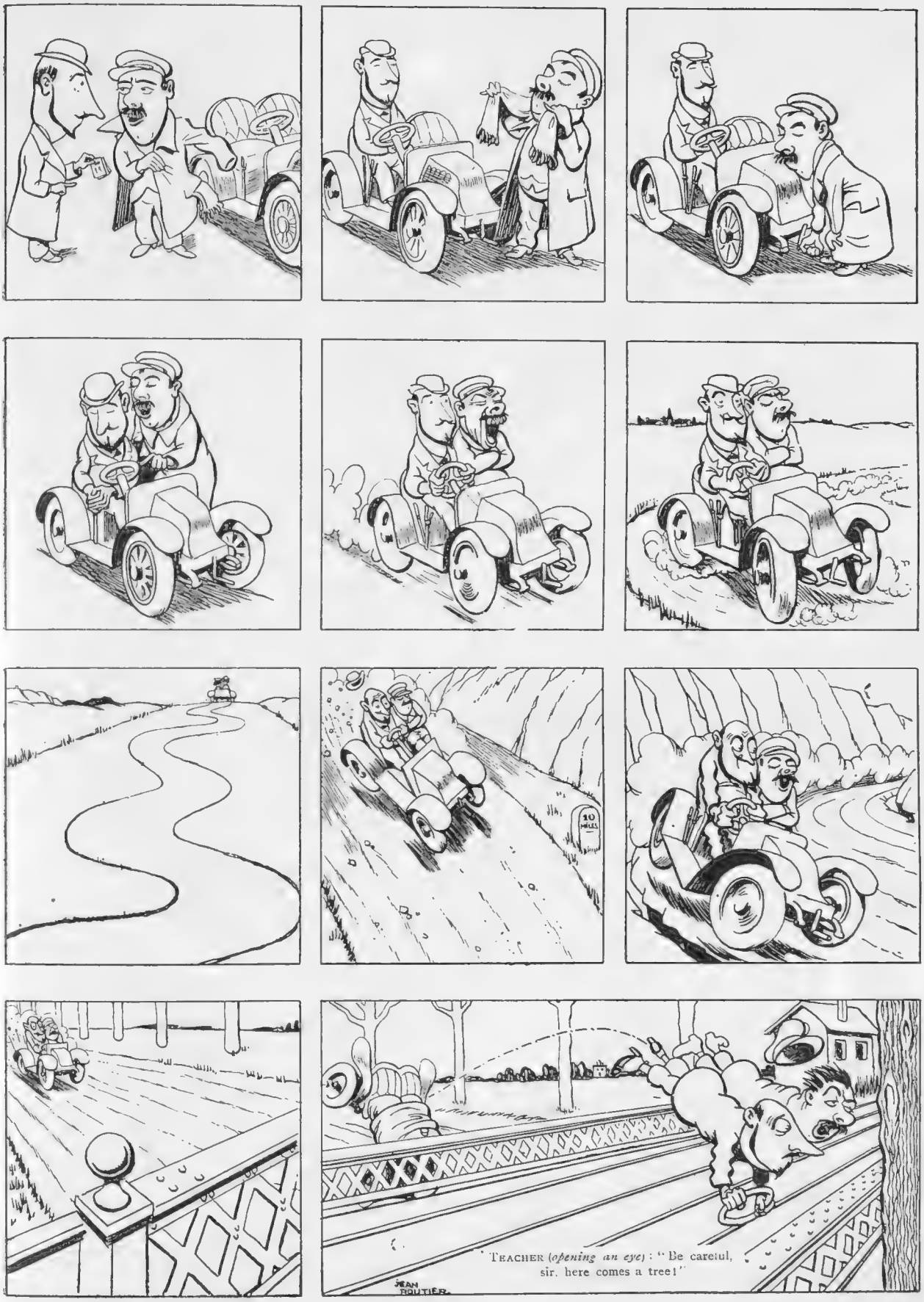
I feel sure that she would cease bothering me to buy an S.M.C. lest I, too, might become as other men are.

D. L.

NEXT WEEK

No. VII.

"AT THE SHOW."



BY JEAN ROUTIER

LEARNING TO DRIVE

MIDNIGHT IN PARIS

By "ROLAND." *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

"The bitter wind does blow"

MES AMIS—

TIRED, very tired, after a long, long trail to see if all the merry haunts of the winter past promise to fulfil their reputation in the winter which comes. Jaded, very jaded, after to have sampled the new attractions which have been added to the old, some in the same street and others round the corner. One has the need to be very, very strenuous at the outset to face the round of midnight pleasures which Paris does offer now. And at the end one is generally in the state of collapse, however great has been the strenuousness with which one has commenced.

THERE are now so many of the centres of "the midnight round, the uncommon jazz." Frankly, one has furnished more than we have asked. In the Street of Jazz, alone—the tiny little Rue Daunou—there is the accumulation of the attractions which impede a departure from the confines. And yet there are all the old favourites in the farther quarters, which cannot be neglected without a pang — for someone. Think of the places that one has had to visit on a single night—for once the impetus has been gained it is impossible to introduce the check—and you shall not wonder that any head which has endured it is weary and heavy-laden on the morrow.

To start with Ciro's, because one must have quantities of food, and it is better to have it good, it is here that the first exuberance of the dance is expressed after, or even simultaneously with, the dinner. And it is very well expressed. There is not any doubt about that. One is able to dance with as much vigour as elegance after a renewal of acquaintance with the cheerful vintages and the inspiriting *plats*. But there is the wanderlust in the blood of even a dancer, and one does not care to tarry too long at one *établissement*, however faultless may it be.

So we cross the Street of Jazz to the Club Daunou. One can always rely on the unexpected at the Club Daunou, for Erskine Gwynne, the most gay young man in Paris, is sure to make the appearance. On each occasion he introduces a new dance; the only defect which makes them fail to catch on is that no other person can imitate the acrobatics. Erskine, who does this solely *pour l'amour de la danse*, can do the one-step almost as well on his hands as on his feet.

BUT a spell of such energy, even as spectator, makes one long for a restful period, and there is a transference to the Clover Club, where the wondrous coal-black Mammy eyes of Raquel Meller soothe and calm. Then one is able to dance a round or two before to feel the call to wander.

JUST a little street to cross and we are in the So-Different-Grand Teddy, which is much more *accueillant* than the cumbrous name could imply. Here the International Five does manufacture the jazz with as much cacophony as the international fives who make the political clamours. Such blares, however, are conducive to the liveliness of dance if not so useful to the other atmosphere. The joyous hour does quickly pass before the cry of "Where Next?"

AFTER the disputes about Zelli's or the Perroquet, it is always decided to include both of them, but there is not the long time for each. But there is no doubt about

(*Continued on page* 308)

"Strive to bury the frozen nose in the furs"

"At the Sound of His Horn in the Morning"

FIRST MEETS OF THE SEASON

Photographs *Sport and General*

THE HARRIERS TAKE THE FIELD ONCE MORE

Mr. T. H. Cookson, the secretary of the Wirral, or, in the vernacular, the Willaston Harriers, outside his house, Rose Lea, Willaston, on the pack's opening meet. On the right is Colonel Part, who has courageously started his own pack of harriers, at the first meet at Houghton Hall, Dunstable. He is his own huntsman

Photograph *I. B.*

"UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE OLD BERKELEY HOUNDS THEY STOOD"

And standing amongst them is Major H. M. Wilson, the secretary, who for this outing deputised for Mr. E. T. Tyrwhitt-Drake, the popular Master. Hunting, all round, is going to be, on the average, very excellent this season, and although the late garnering of crops has hindered cub-hunting a deal, nevertheless, optimists always, masters and huntsmen the country over talk brightly of well-foxed coverts and a minimum of wire

"MIDNIGHT IN PARIS" (concluded)

"To purchase 'dix sous' of roasted chestnuts"

the subsequent *dancing*, for the finale must be with Harry Pilcer at the Acacias. Harry is the same old Harry, though he has the new partner in Winnie Richmond, and there is the unanimity to remain until the hour of *fermeture*, which is not far from the hour of breakfast.

You shall agree that this is a tour to cause the exhaustion, is it not? and one has omitted to mention the quantity of champagne which has to be consumed in order to sustain it. But in these cold weathers which have announced the hard winter, one has to make the survey to ascertain if the provisions are adequate to keep up the spirits in the dark and dreary days. Well, everything does promise to be *trez been*, as they say at the Folies Bergère. (Where, *en passant*, it is time they put on a new revue.)

One must not omit to mention that the ramble home in the early hours, after the breakfast in the region of the Halles, has afforded the chance to study a side of Paris that one does not often have the opportunity to see — on account of sleeping habits. One has noticed that the *midinettes* come to the work in the great haste, now that the bitter wind does blow, and strive to bury the frozen nose in the furs. There is only one thing which can detain them in their haste, and that is a call at the stand of the *marchand de marrons* (who has definitely replaced the *marchand de frites*) to purchase *dix sous* of roasted chestnuts.

These have generally less the purpose of refreshment than the purpose to *réchauffer*. Most of them, of course, go into the pockets, to be clutched in the cold hands, but sometimes one or two are concealed in the furs to keep the freeze out of the nose. What is, however, the utmost surprise is that not any are ever inserted in the stockings, for this would appear to be the region where they are the most needed. Such films of silk cannot be called the protection against the blast of chill.

If the shoulders have the cold in the despite of the furs, then what about the unprotected *jambes*? There is the mystery here which passes the morning-after powers of the elucidation. Still, one never can get at these contradictions, to the extent to give the satisfactory explanation. *En effet*, in the midst of the amusements and even in the heat of the political disputations, *la note sentimentale reste*. The tombs of the soldiers are not forgotten in this November of memories. ROLAND

"The tombs of the soldiers are not forgotten"

ALL'S fair in love if you don't happen to prefer brunettes.

* * *

Two women who hate the same people always get on well together.

* * *

A MAN mostly respects age when it is in a bottle.

* * *

ANY right-minded woman would sooner wear a new hat that didn't suit her than an old hat that did.

* * *

FLATTERY is the best cure for a stiff neck. It will turn almost anybody's head.

BY H. H. HARRIS

"SMOKER'S HEART"

"LATEST MODEL, BEAUTIFULLY T[illegible]

BY NORMAN KEENE

TURNED OUT AND—ER—SPEEDY"

BY MACMICHAEL

THE CO-OPTIMISTS AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE

BY "JINGLE"

Illustrated by
MACMICHAEL

Produced on 12th October

THE Co-Optimists are at it again. There is a genial homeliness about their entertainment that makes it entirely attractive. At other theatres the players are acting all the time; but for the most part the Co-Optimists seem to be just their own playful selves. When they do put on a set scene they are less happy than when they are just making fun, or showing what they can do in the way of singing and dancing. There is, for instance, a turn called "The Wild Men of Borneo" for which some rollicking music has been written; but the scene appears to be a little casual and unconvincing as far as the stage management is concerned. It may be that the distinguished artists who take part in the turn are so used to acting on their own initiative, that they are not readily amenable to the autocratic Producer of modern times. The idea is excellent enough, and affords opportunities for some quite brilliant fooling here and there; but it does not seem to have been thought out enough. I admit that I have never been to Borneo, and my acquaintance with Wild Men (outside the Editorial office of this illuminating periodical) is extremely limited; but I think this scene is susceptible of improvement.

MR. DAVY BURNABY is, as before, the introducer of the Show, and he puts the audience in a good humour right from the start. His playful complaint that he is always put on as the first turn to sing the late-comers into their seats had considerable point on the evening of my visit. I don't think I have been to a theatre before where there were so many late-comers who, as you might say, broadcasted the fact. Indeed, some of them struggled noisily and laboriously to their seats even while a lady on the stage was already singing. It is not a very happy change in theatre manners, but they say you must put it down to the War. The Profiteers have not yet had time to learn that punctuality is the courtesy of the Great. After Mr. Burnaby had set the laughter going, Miss Betty Chester took a hand in the game. Miss Chester is, of course, a great artist who would confer distinction on almost any kind of musical entertainment; but she is content at first to sing a rollicking ditty, in the course of which she strides leggily about the stage with the tremendous energy we have learned to associate with American Vaudeville. It is a gloriously exhilarating performance, and obviously to the taste of the huge audience, which expresses its sentiments in the usual manner. In the second half of the entertainment Miss Chester demonstrates her quality more unmistakably with a mournful but exquisitely rendered song, "Just A-wearyin' for You." A very charming contribution to this excellent entertainment.

ONE of the real gems of the new programme is a very energetic appeal by Mr. Gilbert Childs that the British Navy shall not be scrapped, even if its retention should involve an income-tax of forty shillings in the pound! It is a choice piece of light-hearted nonsense, very topical and much to the point, and it is sung in the vociferous tones of the A.B. seaman by Mr. Childs, who wears a sailor's hat for the purpose of creating the right nautical atmosphere. Mr. Childs is a comedian of rare gifts, and he is at his best in a fine, robust song of this kind. A little later he appears in a light sketch with Miss Phyllis Monkman, whose boisterous humour is always one of the attractive features of this enterprise. Miss Monkman, in the uniform of a railway porter at a sleepy country station, is an abiding joy. But the humour of the sketch

is exhausted by these two artists and the amusing scenery. When a passenger comes on the platform and asks if a certain train is his, and obtains the reply that it is not

his, but the property of the railway company, repartee would seem to be cheapened down to nursery level. And there is so much fun, if not entirely new, at least passingly original, to be got out of a supercilious passenger by a matter-of-fact railway porter, especially in these days, when the railwayman assumes the rôle of our superior officer. Having a retentive memory, I am able to recall the time when a porter pushing a loaded truck along a crowded platform would call out politely, "By your leave!" But now he just issues the stern and imperious command, "Mind yer backs!" and leaves it at that.

MR. LADDIE CLIFF is an artist rightly held in much esteem, and he has two or three turns which show him at his best. His song, "Olga Petrovski," is a laughable gibe at the Bolshevist régime in Russia, and doubtless by way of satisfying us that he is speaking from inside knowledge, his name for this turn only is printed on the programme as Laddie Cliffski. The song is followed by an agile dance in the best Russian style, with little touches of burlesque here and there that add amusingly to the general effect. It is an extremely able performance. Mr. Cliff also has a scene with Miss Monkman called "Church on Sunday," in which the artists give in dumb show an impression of two members of a congregation first sitting in a pew, then singing a hymn, and finally listening to a prosy sermon. It is all very delicately done, and is undeniably amusing, but I learn for the first time that the subject is one that comes within the legitimate scope of parody.

THE burlesque of a Legal Action is on surer ground, and we all laughed a good deal at the assertiveness of the common people in the gallery, whose chief interest seemed to be that of Beer. The mock action is brought by Mr. Burnaby in order to give Mr. Melville Gideon (at the piano) an opportunity to "Slay it with Music." Mr. Gideon is, however, heard to better advantage when he holds the stage alone. His song, "When the Sun Goes Down," with its soft and haunting melody, is one of the most charming features of the evening. Mr. Stanley Holloway creates quite a storm of enthusiasm with his song about the "Wheel-tapper," the useful expert who taps the wheels of trains to make sure that they are still able to go round. Mr. Holloway was called before the curtain so often that at last Mr. Davy Burnaby stole on and took the call instead, getting an extra laugh by his playful intervention. The scene, "Spring Onions," is, perhaps, a little artificial. The idea is that a gathering of allotmenteers meet to make puns about the particular kind of crops they grow; but while many of the puns are ingenious, others have lost something of their very pristine youth. Besides which, the pun, especially when supplied wholesale, is generally supposed to have mislaid its power to charm the people. Miss Elsa Macfarlane sings very sweetly, and joins wholeheartedly in the general romp that makes this entertainment so impressive. There is a burlesque of the cinema entertainment, which contains quite an excellent idea, though it is capable of being developed with advantage. The funniest of the scenes, to my mind, was the last lap of a fierce foot-race, which evoked from the audience shouts of joy. I think if the Co-Optimists will just run the foot-rule over their new programme it will prove as popular and successful as its joyous predecessors. JINGLE

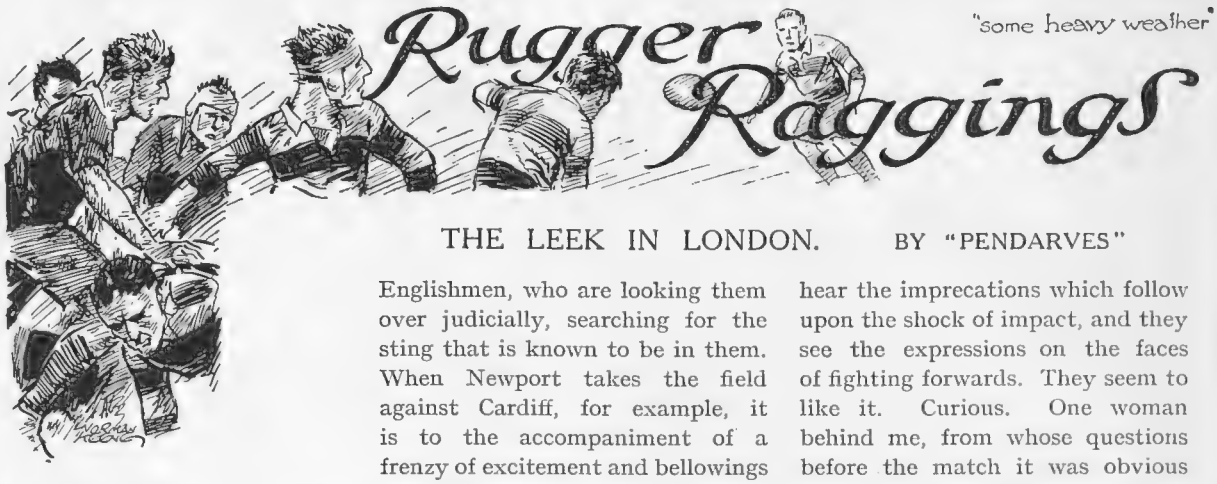
PHYLLIS MONKMAN GILBERT CHILDS AND STANLEY BRIGHTMAN

The Return of Phyllis

Photograph *Malcolm Arbuthnot*

MISS PHYLLIS TITMUS

Who will make her reappearance in Mr. Jack Buchanan's first London venture into theatrical managership when he produces 'Battling Butler" round about mistletoe time, or just after Christmas. Besides Miss Titmus, whom illness has deprived of the stage for so long, Mr. Fred Leslie, Mr. Frederick Ross and Mr. Austin Melford will be in the cast. The music is by Philip Braham, the successful composer of the "A to Z" score, and many others



THE LEEK IN LONDON.

BY "PENDARVES"

A Welsh Rugby football team, especially when it is the first XV of a famous club and bristles with Internationals like a porcupine's back, has a curiously galvanic effect upon a London crowd. They feel they are going to see something really thrilling. They usually do. They also scent the smell of battle, because the game of Rugby, as played by Welshmen, is a fearful and wonderful thing. And everyone likes to smell battle. So long as it is somebody else's battle and not theirs. Consequently, in company with about 5,000 other people, I went recently to have a look at some of these supermen. I feel, more poignantly perhaps than some others, a sense of peculiar chap-licking satisfaction when I see a burly Welsh forward heavily tackled, as I can, even now, sometimes feel a twinge in my nose which a Welsh forward once broke for me at a line-out.

So that when Newport took the field on a glorious autumn afternoon, looking like a swarm of aggressive wasps in their yellow and black striped jerseys, everyone perked up at once, and said, "My word, there's going to be something doing here." And there was.

As with many grand games, this one opened uneventfully. Welsh teams start at rather a disadvantage on a London ground.

You see, there is no full-throated singing of battle songs. No maledictions mouthed malignantly by hundreds of partisan spectators. It must be rather an awe-inspiring business for them to walk on to a Rugger ground encircled by absolutely silent and phlegmatic Englishmen, who are looking them over judicially, searching for the sting that is known to be in them. When Newport takes the field against Cardiff, for example, it is to the accompaniment of a frenzy of excitement and bellowings from the throats of half the Newport population. Not so at Blackheath. Except for a little polite, gentlemanly clapping, as at a London theatre, it is silence. The emotional Celt doesn't like this. He feels a slight draught.

To beat a first-class Welsh team, two attributes are necessary. Complete imperviousness to bodily pain; and a pair of legs that will continue running at high speed until the end. When I had taken a sardonic look at my old enemies, the Welsh forwards, I realised there was going to be what sailors call "some heavy weather." Then I looked the Blackheath pack over anxiously, and was somewhat comforted, for they seemed the sort of men who could take a lot of punishment, and be still hitting back strongly when the gong sounded, as it were. The two attributes mentioned above were badly needed. In a very short time, the faces of at least two of our side were bleeding. It was a perfectly clean game, as games go. But when 14-stone men, very fast on their feet, are dashing about with all the weight behind the plunge and thrust—well, things are likely to occur.

For instance, there was a Welsh scrum half, with a tuft of bellicose hair, who had a rough and tumble with Cook, a Blackheath three-quarter, quite early in the proceedings. The latter emerged from the *mêlée* with a bleeding face, and a most aggressive manner of handling the Welshmen's jerseys thereafter. Good! And we settled down to enjoy ourselves. Especially the ladies in the crowd. The ladies sit very close to the touch-line at Blackheath; consequently they hear the imprecations which follow upon the shock of impact, and they see the expressions on the faces of fighting forwards. They seem to like it. Curious. One woman behind me, from whose questions before the match it was obvious that the *finesse* of the game was as Greek to her, became shrilly frenzied in the second half, when the tide of battle brought thirteen men to the grass in a struggling mass. Then you heard her exhorting some Blackheathen in a fierce whisper to—

"Pull him down; pull him down—oh, *hold* him!"

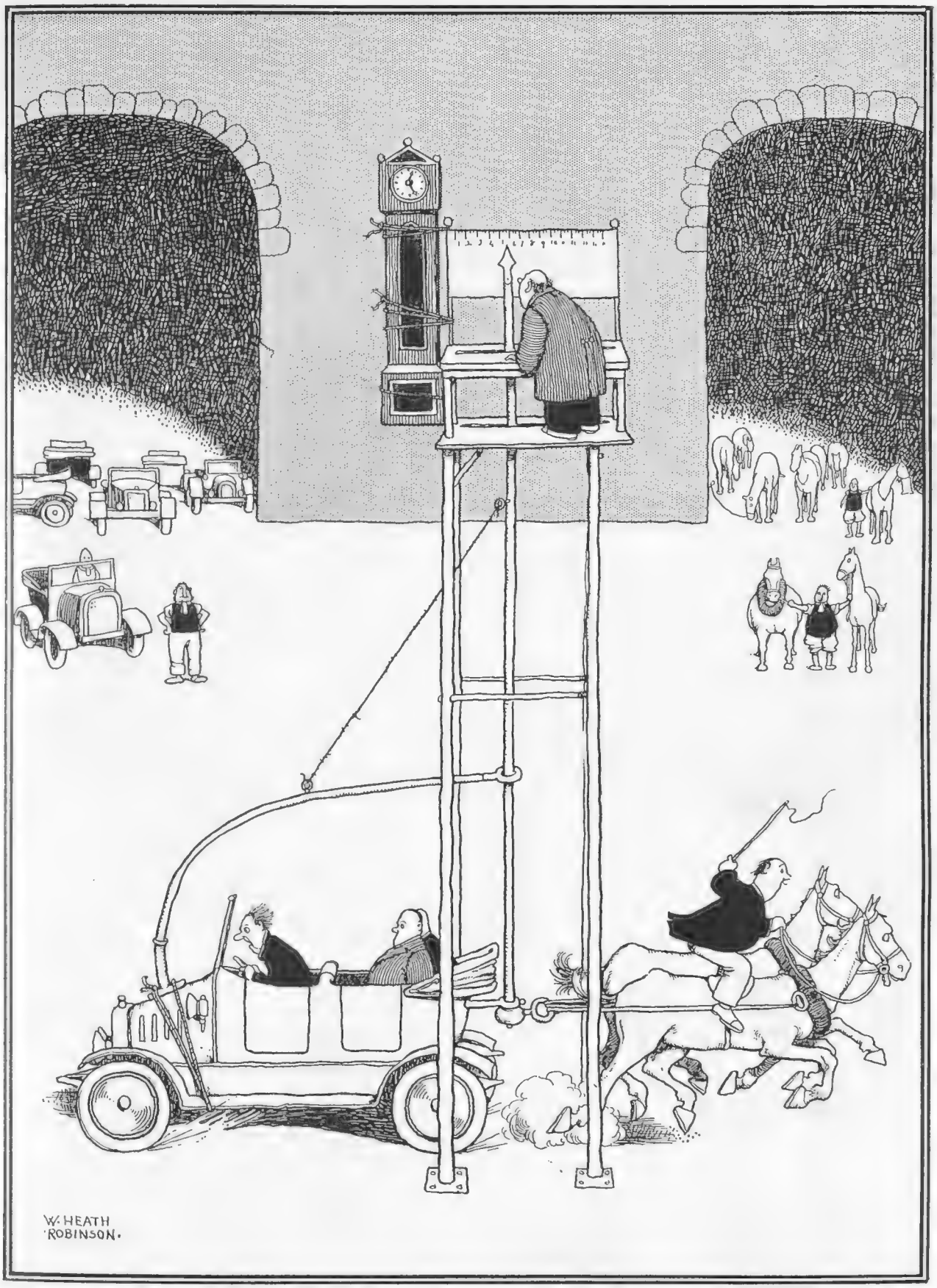
There was no mercy from the gentler sex there.

But the old story was told again. And told soon. A Welsh Rugby side, such as this, are opportunists to a man. If you leave a Welsh three-quarter unmarked for a moment within dropping distance of the goal-posts, he will seize his chance, and you will be 4 points down. Which is exactly what happened. And a further try, subsequently, settled the matter. But it was a grand fight (and I use the word advisedly) all the same.

One of the bravest men on the ground was a Newportian spectator. This worthy ensconced himself, complete with leek in buttonhole, in the Enclosure, among a crowd of young gentlemen wearing the Blackheath tie, and proceeded to beseech his fellow-countrymen in a vicious voice to do grievous bodily harm to members of the Blackheath team. I am sure he meant well by us, and that the venom in his voice was merely an excess of patriotism.

But if an Englishman, during a similar game, had the temerity to wedge himself, all alone, into the middle of the stand at Newport or Swansea, and do likewise, his next of kin would be requested, that same evening, to make all necessary arrangements for the obsequies as soon as possible.

Horse-Power!



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A new apparatus recently adopted by the licensing authorities for testing the horse-power of motor cars

A ROMANTIC LITTLE STORY

By ESME WYNNE-TYSON

CYPRIAN ANDREAS not only possessed the profile of a Grecian God and dark eyes, to match his raven hair, fringed with a curtain of curling lashes, but he was also a celebrity. His poems were spoken of as being only second to Dante, and his violin-playing brought tears to the eyes of the most hardened *nouveaux riches*. Of course, it was the fashion to have tears in the eyes when one listened to Cyprian's playing, for one remembered his Tragedy. . . .

Cyprian's tragedy, which surrounded his handsome head with an aura of romance, was also his inspiration.

Need we say it was a woman? A woman who had held the heart of this idolised genius in her two white hands, and, wantonly, let it fall. In a word, Thisbe, to whom all his works were addressed, had preferred another to Cyprian. But, by depriving him of his happiness, had certainly made of him an inspired poet.

Not an original story in itself. The originality lay in Cyprian's constancy. It was enduring and quite beautiful. Never had his ideal been replaced, although many had striven for the honour. Women were kind to him. Too kind. Afterwards some called him (by comparison, of course) callous and cruel. This only enhanced his reputation in the eyes of the world.

Of course, his faithful heart was callous—to others. The women ought to have known better. But, unfortunately, there continued to be women who did not know better.

Meeting Cyprian's burning glance over his violin it was difficult to be wise, difficult to believe that it burnt only for a memory—for Thisbe.

But, in spite of the misplaced sympathy of other women, Cyprian still dedicated his books to Her—the True Inspiration. . . .

A few personal friends knew that Thisbe, in real life, was Mrs. Frith-Orridge, Pamela Frith-Orridge, wife of a General governing a remote part of India so that, when the news came of the distinguished General's death, society was quite agog with excitement as to what would happen next.

The widow returned to England.

"Surely," women said, "no one could hold out against Cyprian for ever. His years of patient waiting are certain to be rewarded now."

They were right. Pamela was, after all, only a woman. Cyprian's bi-yearly volumes of passionate verse would have worn down the resistance of a stonier heart than hers. She was seen about with him everywhere, and the tale of Dante and Beatrice merged into that of Isaac and Rebecca, which was not, if truth be told, so much to Cyprian's taste, on account of the undue length of his classical nose.

However, Pamela, Thisbe, was beautiful, and her capitulation was a cause of much rejoicing among Cyprian's friends. The women who had once sympathised with him in his sorrow now congratulated him with the look of drowning men who see the seventh wave bearing down on them.

Poems were written by brother poets. Champagne flowed. . . .

But enthusiasm at such high pressure could not be expected to last long, especially as Cyprian's name did not figure in the autumn publications. (How could he write of a broken heart when the world knew that it was healed?)

Cyprian began to feel that there was something lacking. Now, when he found himself alone with a woman there were no responsive sighs, hands did not meet his warmly, sympathetically in the darkness. It seemed so different. And then he would remember . . . of course . . . there was no Tragedy. He felt a little lonely.

And then, one night at a dance, three weeks after the announcement of his engagement, he unwittingly overheard his name mentioned:

"Cyprian Andreas . . . yes, in love with her when her husband was alive, wrote all his poems to her. So nice that they've come together at last. Quite a romantic little story."

Cyprian stood transfixed, as though turned to stone. It was as if a Shelley had been convicted of minor verse.

Two days later he introduced Prince Nazra, one of the wealthiest and most handsome of his "patrons," to his future bride. Within a few moments they were chatting animatedly together. It was amazing how many tastes they had in common. They both preferred golfing and fishing to literature, and the atmosphere of the stable to the *salon*.

Under Cyprian's guardedly watchful eyes the friendship grew. . . .

He became insistent for the day of the wedding to be fixed. Invitations were sent out. His white, anxious face was a moving sight.

"How he had loved!" People said "The nearness of his bliss seemed to be proving almost too much for him."

Women gazed enviously at Pamela, and Nazra followed her everywhere.

The preparations continued. The wedding garments arrived.

"Quite a romantic little story," whispered Cyprian into his morning coat.

One night he was going with Pamela and Nazra to a ball, but a headache, such as he had never before experienced, prevented him from accompanying them. Pamela's anxiety at leaving him was almost too elaborate. Another evening a dinner *à trois* was arranged at Pamela's flat. Cyprian was unable, at the last minute, to go.

This was three days before the day fixed for his wedding.

On the eve of the fateful day he was pacing feverishly up and down his studio, when Nazra was announced:

"Ah, *amico mio*, what brings you here?" He asked with a trace of hopeful enquiry in his voice, as he extended two trembling hands.

Uneasily Nazra regarded the poet's condition.

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"I came," he said, "to ask your advice, but I'm afraid the time is not well chosen."

"Oh, it is nothing, be seated, I think only of—to-morrow."

More disturbed than before, the Prince turned away:

"Oh, yes, of course, to-morrow."

He did not, therefore, notice the sudden gleam of interest and hope that leapt to the poet's eyes as he spoke.

"You want—advice?" Quiet and composed now, Cyprian walked to the fireplace.

"Supposing," began Nazra, with difficulty, "supposing you loved a woman who was promised to another. Supposing she and that other had nothing in common and she preferred you. What, Andreas, what would you do?"

Promptly, eagerly, Cyprian answered:

"Take her, of course, take her, my friend. In Italy we dare all for love." He spoke with fire.

"But supposing," continued the Prince, "that she belonged to a friend, a dear friend?"

"*Caro mio*," smiled Cyprian, sweetly, "even friends know that all is fair——"

Nazra arose and walked over to his friend.

"Don't you realise that it's Pamela," he said, "Pamela and me?" Cyprian stood quite still. Now that it had come he was at a loss for words. . . . "I—you——" he began, lamely.

"We were married by special licence, quite early this morning."

And now Cyprian drew a deep breath and made a movement with his arms towards his friend, and then, recovering himself, flung his outstretched arms above his head.

"Traitor!" he cried, "*Dio mio*, that my happiness should be snatched from me just as I would grasp it. From you—my friend—— Ah, it is not true, it is not true."

"If you wish it," murmured the Prince, abashed by this violent emotion, "I must naturally give you your satisfaction,"

Cyprian quivered as though he

HAVE A HEART!

By Graham Simmons

"Why do you spend so much time beating your tailor's price down when you know quite well you will never pay him?"
"My dear fellow, I've a conscience. I want the poor beggar to lose as little as possible!"

"A ROMANTIC LITTLE STORY" (concluded)

had been shot, and then turned savagely on his guest.

"Yes, you must give me that," he cried, and began to pace the floor.

"I should like to say," said the Prince, "that I did not realise you cared so deeply. Just lately I have even wondered if you were not beginning to regret the thought of matrimony. When I first arrived and—and asked your advice, I almost thought you understood and that you—didn't care."

"Fool!" cried the poet, enraged. "At this moment I love her more than ever I have done." Which was actually true. "But now, oh, heavens! gone, gone for ever!"

He flung himself on to a couch as he spoke, and remained there motionless. After a time Prince Nazra rose. He stood looking down at his friend:

"I am at your service to-morrow," he said.

Cyprian arose, hollow cheeked, and looked at him.

"No," he said, "I cannot do it. I see it clearly now. I love her too well, I cannot risk spoiling her happiness, although she has ruined mine eternally. I will claim no redress. Tell her—tell her from me I forgive, but can forget—never."

"My generous friend," said the Prince, "you make me, for the first time, see plainly my unworthiness. I could almost release her to you."

"No, no," entreated Cyprian earnestly. "Her happiness must always come first. She has chosen."

And with bowed head and humbled heart the Prince left his stricken friend.

. . . . . .

The world rang with the news of the poet's betrayal. For weeks he kept to his bed in a condition reputed to be bordering on brain fever. Then came convalescence and feminine sympathy—showered upon him even more whole-heartedly than before. Hands and lips sought to comfort him. . . .

Hollow-eyed he dragged himself from bed and began to write again, sonnets of agony flew from his pen, and sold in double the quantity. His former greatness was a mere shadow in comparison to this later state. From his violin he wrung the very depths of inspired despair. People were known to say it was "too much." Often women swooned. It became the habit to swoon at Andreas' recitals.

When he passed people would say:

"*What* tragedy! What *tragedy!*"

Cyprian has never been so happy.

Sometimes he thinks of what might have been, and shudders delicately, then, in thankfulness, dedicates another volume of soul-stirring sorrow—to Thisbe.

E. W.-T.

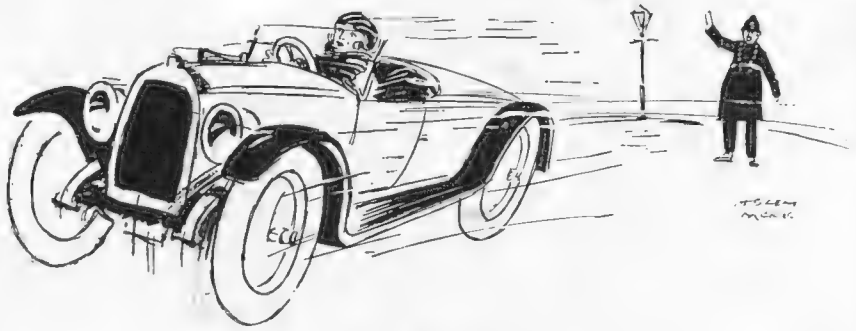
By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"BY GEORGE, I DON'T KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN!"

The Value of Ignorance.

By Blanchette

Illustrated by
HELEN McKIE



"I drove like a bird"

LONDON, *October* 30.
DEAR COUSIN—

HAVE you ever driven a car, I wonder? 'Shamed to say I never did, myself, till quite the other day—though almost every other car you see about, these days, seems to have a weak woman at the wheel, doesn't it?

DIDN'T really know very much about it, either—'tween you and me—even when I *did* start driving. But also didn't much care, fort'nately. I mean, if I really had known all about speeds and accelerators, and accumulators, and engines, and backfiring, and things, should prob'ly have been most frightfully timid and hesitatingly careful over it all—and very likely had a perfectly good smash while I was thinking of what just exactly was the right thing to do.

WHEREAS, act'lly, they tell me, I drove like a bird, so to speak. Flicked round the nastiest corners quite nicely, and bunged on the right speeds at the right moments, and simply shot on through a mass or conglomeration of traffic that'd have reduced a properly conscientious novice to tears, till we arrived finally and at last unhurt and triumphant at our goal!

RATHER a kind of a sort of a moral in all that, too, I do b'lieve. I mean, rather a dangerous thing in a way, if not the most poisonous of all, to look *too* far ahead. Quite poss. to overdo the information and prescience, and all that sort of thing touch—what? And makes you miles and oceans happier, too, I'm sure, not to have the faintest notion of what's coming next, not to mention right far away ahead in the long vistas and corridors of time, *comme on dit*. As well as, of course, heaps more 'citing.

TAKE this present p'litical crisis, f'rinstance, just for one thing, that nobody ever really guessed at before it happened, however hard the people who always get ('cording to *them*) the very first red-hot information straight from the horse's mouth may try and pretend they knew all about it all the time. Would've been very depressing and discouraging, wouldn't it? to all the hostesses and people who've been busily fixing up parties and rushing to capture dates for the "little season"—if they'd even begun to dream of all their plans being knocked on the head and having to be cancelled or altered and chopped about so's to fit in with the new scheme of things.

BEEN quite a painful prospect for the politicians themselves, too, wouldn't it have, if they'd had even the faintest inkling that in another week or so they'd be robbed and bereft of their five thousand a year or so, and have to seriously turn their minds to what they were to do so's to earn (go on earning, I *should* say) an honest living.

"Bereft of £5 000 a year or so"

'STEAD of which, everyone's been nice and happy over their own particular little jobs, and having breakfast comfortably on delectable tasting eggs and bacon and marmalade, and setting out for the office (or staying at home) with a serene mind, and lingering luxuriously over a lunch flavoured by consciousness of their place in the world and dining deliciously at the end of the day with the feeling of good work well done. . . .

"THE VALUE OF IGNORANCE" (*concluded*)

'Cos it's those sort of things that do in the end make the diff'rence, don't they? No, not meals, I don't mean, but just the kind of idea of continuity, and that you've got your own little job and are doing it well. . . . And however beautifully the sun's shining, and the leaves glittering in the autumn sunshine like fluttering pennants of gilded bronze, and the air pouring into your lungs like etherealised champagne with a fresh tang in it, and the dark-green glistening wet grass positively *asking* to be walked on, with emerald tears of joy. . . .

Spite of all, do b'lieve, you know, all these lovely fascinations'd simply crumble and turn to dust and ashes in one's mouth if one only had the much-desired, but, I'm sure, utterly hateful and fateful and fatal gift of looking ahead. Not really an altogether good thing, methinks, to be cumbered about with too much of *any* kind of information and things, like the people who collect all sorts of prizes and degrees, etcet., either.

Seems to rather hold one up, in fact, in a way, sometimes, and obscure one's vision—judging, that is, by some of the fearf'ly learned and distinguished persons who don't 'pear to be able to see straight in front of their noses just 'cos of knowing so much. Whereas others, that don't always know all about some obscure

"Setting out for the office"

town in the Near East or somewhere, like even Mr. Lloyd George, f'rinstance, just get right there every time.

Far luckier, really, I'm sure, the people who don't know too much about everything—like the girl in Rebecca West's brilliant new book, *The Judge*, when she was going to taste burgundy for the first time. And expected the loveliest thing . . . "like an ice, but warm and very worldly. . . ." Rather a disappointment when it came, but that isn't, after all, the point—what? 'Cos it's the pleasure of anticipation and not knowing, that's more than half the fascination about every single happening in this odd imperfect world, isn't it? And especially, p'raps, parties, and most 'specially the kind with dancing in 'em. 'Course we *do* generally know whom we're going to take—I mean who's going to take us—unless we really are the very youngest and just-coming-outest kind of *débutante*, that is.

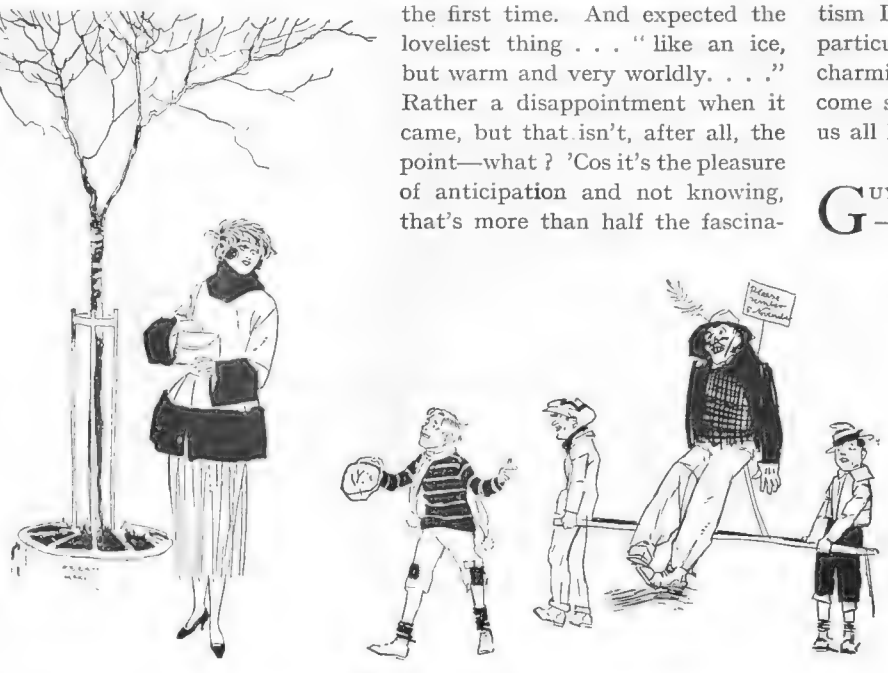
But rather wish *I* knew, though, I must admit, just who's going to win those d'lightful twenty-five-guinea frocks they're going to give away as prizes at the great Follow-My-Leader Ball that's being given for the Blind Fund at the Hyde Park this Wednesday as ever is. Paul Caret, Viola, Worth, etc. Just 'pends on the number of your ticket, though, I'm told—do *hope* they'll give me the right one. . . .

Talking of dances, *and* the Hyde Park, hear M. Camille de Rhynal (who invented the camel walk) is going to run some very special weekly ones at the aforesaid hotel, whereat he hopes really to introduce at last the Tango and other variations on our stock and settled dance programmes. I wonder. . . . Though if anybody *could* wake us up from our present peaceful state of dance-conservatism I do think it might be this particular and most particularly charming bundle of vitality, who's come straight from Paris to show us all how. . . .

Guy Fawkes Day next Sunday—had you remembered? Though whom exactly they're going to burn in effigy *this* time I don't quite know. But should certainly include, myself, the men who invented (1) winter time, (2) income tax, (3) politics. 'Specially the last. Oh to be . . . well, anywhere else but England . . . now the elections are here.

With love, yours ever,

Blanchette



"Guy Fawkes Day"

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SPORT of the WEEK

As Seen by the Camera

Photograph *Sport and General*

GOOD FOOTWORK BY THE SURREY FORWARDS

In the match in the County Championship competition between Surrey and Eastern Counties at Richmond last Wednesday, when Surrey won by the big score of 42 points to nil. Some of the Surrey forwards' loose rushes, like the one which is being started above, were very cleverly executed

Photograph *Topical*

L. B. B. BETTS

A wonderful South African boy athlete winning the quarter-mile, at the Inter-School Sports at Johannesburg, in 48 2-5 sec., which equals the men's British record. He also equalled the British record in the hundred

Photograph *Sport and General*

AN OXFORD PLAYER PICKS UP CLEVERLY IN THE LOOSE

And so starts a passing movement against the Old Merchant Taylors. This was Oxford's first match, and although they only won it by a single point, their backs did many good things

Photograph *Sport and General*

HARLAND DIVES FOR THE BALL AND FISTS IT AWAY

In the International Association Football Match between England and Ireland at West Bromwich. The play of the Irish goal-keeper, who made several fine saves besides the one depicted above, was the bright feature of an otherwise rather dull match, won by England by two goals to nil

Photograph *Sport and General*

MRS. W. A. GAVIN

Who played "top" for the Parliamentary ladies in their match last week against the Princes ladies at Mitcham, which resulted in a tie

Photograph *Sport and General*

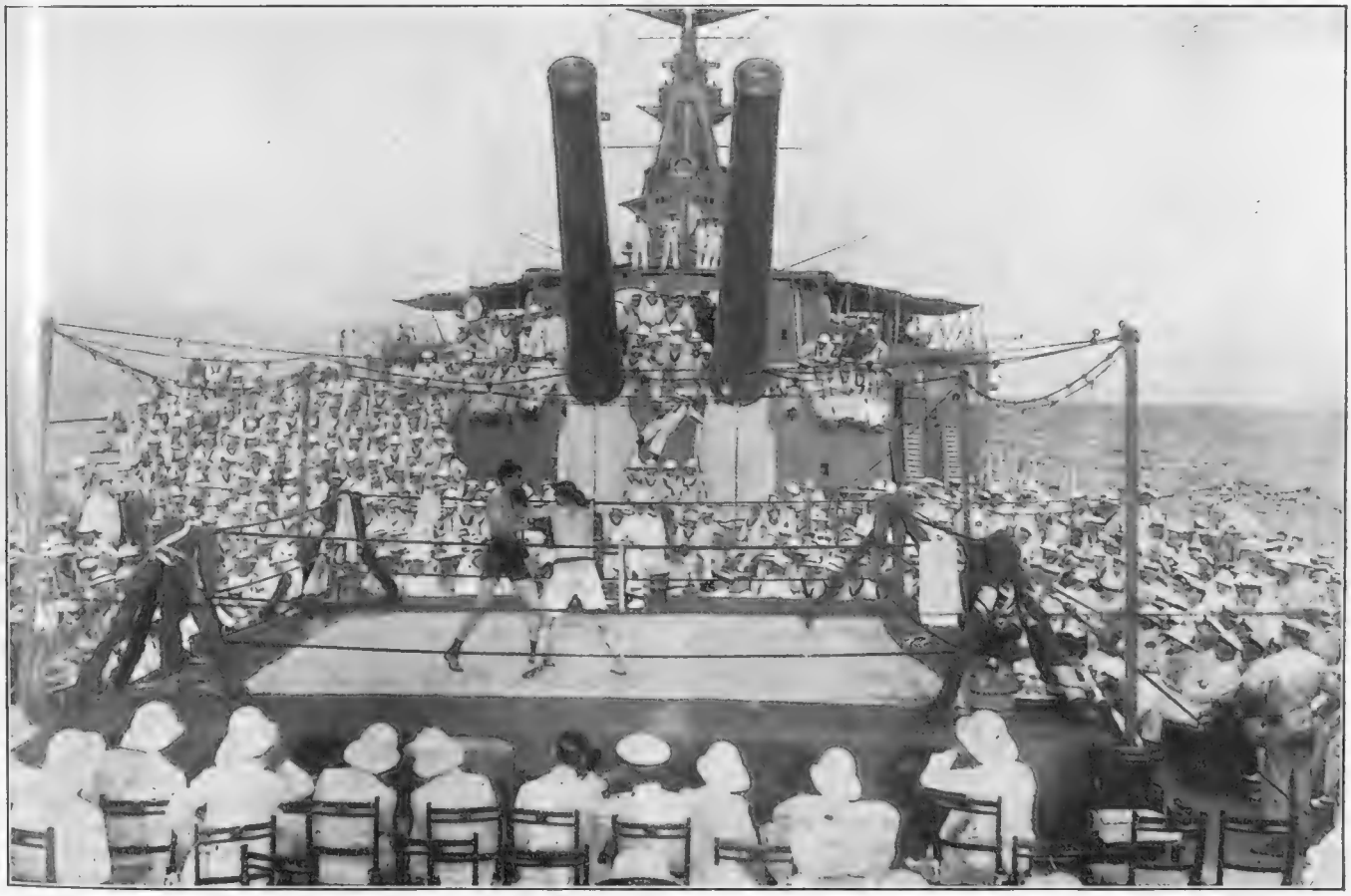
A CHAMPION PAIR

Miss Joyce Wethered and her brother R. H. Wethered, winner of the Open Mixed Foursomes Tournament at Worplesdon last week. The defeated finalists were Mrs. Patey and E. N. Layton

Photograph *Sport and General*

WHO SAID "STICKS!"?

An incident in the hockey match between Oxford University and Mid-Surrey at Richmond last week. The Oxford player has spoilt a good break through by raising his stick above his shoulder, and thereby incurring a penalty. After a capital game, Mid-Surrey won by 2 goals to 1, but the result might well have been different if Oxford had made a proper use of their chances in the circle



Photograph *Sport and General*

A BATTLE-CRUISER AS A BOXING RING

The scene on board H.M.S. "Hood" at Trinidad during the progress of the 1st Battle-Cruiser Squadron Boxing Championships which were held on her decks. The "Hood," the largest battle-cruiser in the world, is the flagship of Rear-Admiral Sir Walter H. Cowan, Bart., K.C.B., D.S.O., M.V.O., commanding the Battle-Cruiser Squadron, Atlantic Fleet

HUNTING NOTES

BY A. W. COATEN

Last Cubbing Days

Hounds are now engaged on the last days of the educational campaign, and soon mufti will give way to what has been described as the gay panoply of the Chase. October was a decidedly successful cub-hunting month, especially as the weather all through enabled the farmers to make up for lost time with sadly delayed agricultural operations. A few sharp night frosts will help to make the country safer to ride over than was the case last week. Blind fences have already been responsible for several nasty falls. I met Lord Dalmeny last week bearing unmistakable signs of his spill with the Whaddon Chase, which he told me was due to a mistake made by the young hunter he was riding. "It will do the horse good," said Lord Dalmeny, cheerily, and this keen thruster was obviously well pleased that he had got off with nothing worse than a slight cut over the eye and a few bruises.

Election Time

In hunting districts, as well as elsewhere, the talk is all of the General Election. It's a good thing that polling will be all over before the regular season has properly settled down. Many Masters of Hounds, keenly interested in the political issue, will not have much time for sport during the next week or two. Among the M.P.'s who are assisting officially in the management of hunting countries is Major H. R. Cayzer, who has just taken over the joint Mastership of the Garth Hounds in conjunction with Captain H. S. Chinnock. His brother, Major H. S. Cayzer, is the popular joint Master of the Pytchley Hounds. Sporting people will sympathise with the latter in the bad luck he has experienced with his colt, Poisoned Arrow, who, but for being interfered with in the course of the race, might have placed the Cambridgeshire to his credit last week. Needless to say, all Northamptonshire was on the colt.

By "The Tout"

MR. D'ARCY BAKER

Looking for the "All right." Although the subject of our caricature is so closely associated with the famous F.I.A.T. cars, he does not despise the quadruped. Mrs. D'Arcy Baker has joined the ranks of lady owners

Congratulations

Congratulations to Captain George Bellville upon his marriage last week. That his bride should have helped to nurse him to recovery from the severe wound he received in the early days of the War, shows that the age of romance has not yet passed. I remember Captain Bellville as one of the most dashing polo players of the day. He put in some very fine work for the Old Cantabs at No. 1, and has been much missed at the London polo grounds. He found himself unable to swing a polo stick when the War was over, and reluctantly had to retire from the game.

An Admirable Master

Captain Bellville, however, has found ample consolation in his duties as Master of the Woodland Pytchley, which he carries out with considerable enthusiasm. He has lately strengthened the pack by the inclusion of the Pytchley old draft, which contain some undeniable hunters, and he hopes to hunt three days a week fairly regularly in the season now starting.

Foxhunting M.P.'s

Prominent among the foxhunting M.P.'s is General T. E. Hickman, who is associated with Major F. Carr in the Mastership of the Albrighton country. In spite of modern difficulties the sport is still going strongly in this district, where there are plenty of foxes. The honorary huntsman, Captain Vivian Helme, is very keen and workmanlike, and has an excellent pack of hounds to handle. Both Masters are popular with farmers and followers alike, so it is not to be wondered at that the Albrighton people are looking forward to a good season. Lieut.-Colonel F. V. Willey, the Master of the Blankney, is also an M.P. He plays a good game of polo and goes well with the hounds. Sir Owen Philipps, M.P., is the Master of the Carmarthenshire, while another Welsh M.P., Lieut.-Colonel David Davies, not only runs a pack of foxhounds but some beagles and other hounds as well. It will be seen, therefore, that foxhunting is well represented in the list of outgoing Parliamentarians.

RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

Re-Echo

Thank goodness the result of the Cambridgeshire was not such a bombshell as the other great handicap at headquarters had been. If you and I did not have the good sense to back the winner we at least have the consolation of knowing several fortunate people who did. That was more than I could say when Light Dragoon won. Re-Echo was one of the best-supported among the middle division in the race. I do not think "Coll" Leader was overwhelmingly confident. But he knew that he had got the colt back to something like the top of his powers, and fully expected him to get into the first three.

A Good Win

Without heavily gambling, those associated with the stable enjoyed a nice little win. Mr. Peter Gilpin must have regarded the result with mixed feelings, for, as we have been reminded in his memoirs, this was by no means the first time that a future Cambridgeshire winner had passed out of his stable.

Town Guard

Nor was the Cambridgeshire the only unlucky race for the Clarehaven stable last week. Mr. Gilpin and his friends naturally had very long faces when Town Guard signally failed to hold his own against Papyrus. And no wonder, for they had come to regard Lord Woolavington's colt as well nigh invincible. I for one decline to accept this going as correct. For some reason Town Guard was not at his best last week. It is, perhaps, by no means complimentary to his trainer to suggest that the colt was not fit, as has been done in some quarters. Probably the truth is that Town Guard was allowed to take things a little easily after his achievements at York. In fact, I have been told that six weeks ago the colt was coughing slightly. Anyway, I hope to see Lord Woolavington's crack prove next season that last week's running was all awry, so far as he is concerned.

(Continued on page 328)

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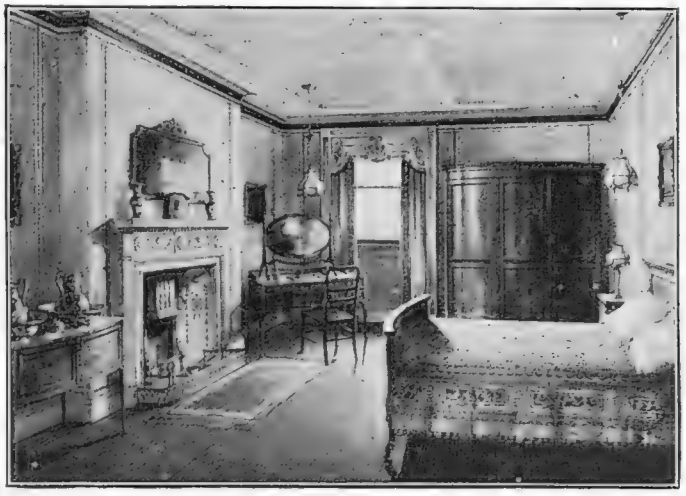

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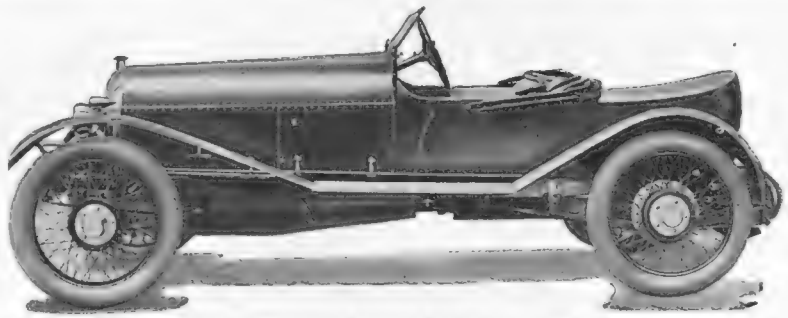

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RACING NOTIONS (concluded)

Drake

Now that Town Guard has been dispossessed of the title of champion two-year-old, to whom does it properly belong? I suppose Papyrus cannot be left out of the reckoning, but I believe the concensus of opinion will be in favour of Drake. Some of the critics profess not to like Mrs. Whitburn's colt. They declare that his forelegs are not set on right. "What a good colt he would be if his legs *were* set properly!" was the caustic reply of one cynic. Excepting for that one lapse at Goodwood, Drake has done all that he has been set to do in most accomplished fashion, and I believe that during the winter we shall find him a good winter favourite for the Derby.

Lord Astor's Colts

Lord Astor ran two youngsters for the first time at the Houghton Meeting. Both Light Hand and Saltash were obviously backward, and I venture to predict that these very promising colts will be in totally different shape next summer.

Bad Luck

Excuses have been urged for several of the beaten horses in the Cambridgeshire, but the only one whose failure can be legitimately excused is Poisoned Arrow. I saw for myself that he was interfered with after three parts of the journey had been covered, and his jockey told me subsequently that the unfortunate incident must have seriously jeopardised his chances of success. Of Stratford I can only say that he ran like a horse who was not at all in love with the game. He turned it up at the earliest possible moment. Soubriquet lacked her usual dash, and Monarch faded right away after raising the hopes of his backers for a long way.

Newbury

This week the most interesting racing will be seen at Newbury, where on Saturday **Charlebelle** may atone for her failure in the Cesarewitch by winning the Autumn Handicap. The November Nursery on the opening day of the meeting should be taken by **Daughter-in-Law.**

The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

W. L. George's new book is, perhaps, the most likeable of all his stories. It is a most admirable presentment of a woman who has lost youth, though not beauty, "up against it." Very rightly he calls his book *The Stiff Lip* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). You cannot help admiring Mrs. Caldecot. Married to a rotter who has long ago left her, she turns to a clever young Parliamentarian, and for eight years is happy. But when jolly little Patricia comes along Mrs. Caldecot is clever enough to know that this is the end. She faces it bravely, so bravely that there are even moments when she can almost deceive herself into thinking that she has never been wounded. The world looks askance at an intrigue of this kind, but that is not to say that its participants must necessarily be "evil." Mrs. Caldecot is a good woman, not at all the sort of woman to welcome the advances of Mr. Britford, the elderly lawyer who has always adored her. And then, while she is battling, her husband returns, a bigger blackguard than ever. The lip takes on its stiffest contour during a, perhaps, too melodramatic interlude, but the book closes on a very different note, and you have the satisfaction of knowing that this middle-aged heroine may end her days in a quiet happiness that once would have been outside the bounds of possibility.... A most enjoyable entertainment.

⁂

It is always a pleasure to read Edith Wharton, and in *The Glimpses of the Moon* (Appleton: 8*s.* 6*d.* net) she is at her best. Not all Americans, not even all those who can be found amongst the Four Hundred, are rich. Neither Nick Lansing nor Susy has a dollar, but they fall in love, and agree to get married, and see what happens. What does happen when there is no money? If you have powerful friends they may, perhaps, help. But these friends may also demand something in return for that help. And here we are at the root of the problem. Nick's sense of honour is, perhaps, more elastic than his wife's: they drift apart when it seems to her that the price paid for comfort is too high. He goes yachting with some millionaires, she—well, she might have become a Countess. Indeed, you fully expect her to marry Lord Altringham. But she doesn't, and Edith Wharton skilfully arranges for a second honeymoon. It is a poignant story very splendidly told.

COLONEL WARWICK WRIGHT, D.S.O.
The winner of many high-speed motor trials, who has just started a new concern at 150, New Bond Street, which, under the name of Messrs. Warwick Wright, Limited, contains many well-known personalities in the world of wheels

⁂

For his second novel, *An Unknown Quantity* (Chatto and Windus: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), Mr. Everard Hopkins chooses a subject which, although treated often enough in the past, still allows a skilful writer great scope. They will tell you that the public does not particularly care to read about novelists, but why should not the poor wretches be as interesting as anybody else? In this case young Rendle writes books of the high-brow order. He is the artist who will never bow a knee to the public, and who, consciously or not, despises anybody lucky enough to have met with success. But he falls head over ears in love with his agent's typist, and then matters alter. Joyce belongs to Clapham Junction—emphatically so—and her ideas of the more metropolitan world are those of her class. "Chelsea" bewilders and frightens her, and no wonder! But having left Clapham for all time, she is determined to make of this new world what she would have it to be. Which makes her husband's success a matter of the first necessity.

⁂

And so you have Rendle gradually slipping away from those high resolves, and finally landing in a slough of success. Poor fellow! Mr. Hopkins is inclined to be ironical, and rightly so. It must be admitted at once that he has written a most interesting book. The people in Chelsea seem as real as those out at Clapham. And I believe absolutely in Joyce. The trouble is that Rendle's "progress" has more or less to be taken on trust. How, in effect, does he alter his writing to suit the big public? It is all very nice for your wife's friends to praise up your books, but—— No matter; there it is, a pretty little problem which you may or may not solve for yourselves when you read the book. Which, of course, you will, for Mr. Hopkins is a writer to watch.

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PHILANDERERS AT THE SHOW. BY "CANDIDA"

If only the people who had any real business went to the shows and the sales and things, it would be an easier world to go about in. I'm not suggesting this as a practical idea. To keep to the point in talking or living is never done nowadays. It never was. Weren't we advised years ago to cut down our conversation to mere yeas and nays, and did anyone take to the idea? I haven't noticed it. So, if I suggest that unless you've some real business in hand it's better to stay at home and leave the trains and the taxis and the London Generals to those who have, I don't expect to be taken seriously. What would happen to Oxford Street if we never went there except with strictly business intentions? Some prosperous gentlemen, with "mansions" in Park Lane and lovely little places in Surrey, would go bankrupt in a fortnight, and stacks and stacks of respectable people would be unemployed and penniless who now hug their counter from early morn to hectic eve And what a world it would be in which no one philandered, and there were no temptatious primrose paths hedged about with lovely waxen ladies dressed in the latest, and all the hats, such as they don't wear them in Paris, but are supposed to by the people who walk down Oxford Street!

There's philandering *and* philandering. I don't, for instance, go gazing at two-thousand guinea strings of pearls and Rajah's rubies every day, because I know that these things are not likely to come my way, and one looks at them as one looks, or doesn't look, at the Elgin Marbles, or the Crown jewels, or Westminster Abbey. But where motor cars are concerned my admirable common-sense breaks down, and I go weakly to Olympia when there's a show on, and gaze, not at the jolly little two-seaters, which might possibly be afforded at a pinch, when that ship comes in, or that *coup* comes off, but at the peerless paragons, all polished nickel, and splendour, and latest improvements, which eat up the road with a silken snore, and are as far beyond one as the gates of Eldorado.

I'm not the only one, either. When there's a show on at Olympia all ways lead to Kensington, and after, and people come up from everywhere and nowhere, and hustle and bustle along those ways as if they had a world of business to attend to. But have they? Ask any one of the immaculate young men in charge whose language is sometimes so technical that you can't understand a word of it. On business they're as plain as they dare to be, and they're no born grumblers, either, like our British farmer, with his eternal grievance against Nature. You gather, though they don't say so, of course, that philandering in a limited space adds enormously to the cost of things, and that those things have got to be on so huge a scale to make room for everybody, for those who mean business, and for those who don't, especially for those who don't, for the philanderers, the primrose pilgrims, as it were, whose conversation is anything but yea and nay.

As long as twenty years ago someone said prophetically, "The future belongs to the metal beast. The horse is doomed. From the heights of its present exclusiveness the motor will come down to being everybody's servant, a docile monster which no one will dream of doing without." . . . That's where the prophet erred. The docile monster is not as docile as one might wish, and I, for one, have done without the car of my dreams for years. In America, where everybody's got their Ford, the monster is more amenable, but a Ford is just a plain man of business, as it were, a serviceable sort of clerk, whereas the cars I waste my time over are like beautiful ladies in Paris creations.

For instance. The dress of the latest 20 h.p. or 60 h.p., or whatever it may be, is all distinguished sobriety just like ours. It's in midnight-blue, or deep green, or dusky *tête-de-nègre*, with nickel trimmings all admirably restrained. No fuss, no flourish, the line's the thing, as it is with us. Inside the very latest the details are all ebony and ivory and cream velvet, just like the lovely flesh-pink "undies," which the beautiful people wear under the sober perfection of their black velvet dresses. And that's the real reason why a car is a she. She's much too beautiful to be anything else.

MISS MARGARET HOLLOWAY

A most capable violinist, who recently appeared at the Chaliapine concert at the Albert Hall. The gown of jade-green mousseline velvet, with bodice of silver lace and white diamanté, is by Reville

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England's "Old Men" in Sport: WHAT THEY STAND FOR

SOME ten or twelve days ago M. J. G. Ritchie, having reached the age of fifty-two in that same week, won the lawn tennis championship of London on covered courts. He had won it twice before, the last time being in 1911, and the court on which he won it at Queen's Club was the same as that on which he waged what was, perhaps, the greatest battle of his career when, in 1904, he defeated H. L. Doherty, who had previously been invincible for three years. Of the many cases of lawn tennis longevity Ritchie's is, perhaps, the most remarkable. Here we have a man who was good enough to beat the reigning champion eighteen years ago—he beat him again, by the way, three years later—and is still good enough to win an important open championship. No one would contend that Ritchie is now, as he once was, in the world's first ten. He would almost certainly be beaten by the leading players of America or Australia, and probably by several of the best continental players as well. Neither can it be claimed that the opposition which he had to encounter in the course of this recent victory of his was especially formidable. It consisted mainly of "home" players, of whom some, like himself, have passed their zenith, and others (we may hope) have yet to reach it. But it was a wonderful achievement, all the same, and it would not have been possible if Ritchie's fitness and activity had not been backed by a most extraordinary keenness and an infinite capacity for the enjoyment of the game as a game.

I BELIEVE that this is the real reason why there are so many capable "old men" among Englishmen in sport. For lawn tennis is, of course, by no means peculiar in this respect. I could give quite an imposing list of distinguished veteran cricketers, and of men like E. M. Baerlein in tennis or J. Beresford in rowing, who can still pull his weight in a racing eight, although old enough to be the father of the amateur champion sculler; but these instances, my space being limited, must suffice. All such men are actuated by a genuine love of the game or sport in which they take part. They know that they are not as good as they once were, but that does not trouble them in the least. The competitive spirit is still there, and they would still rather compete and be beaten than not compete at all. If they like playing lawn tennis, or rowing, or running better than anything else they can see no point in giving up the competitive side of it just because they are getting older and less adroit. And their very keenness helps to keep them fit and prevents them from losing their adroitness except by very slow degrees.

By Victor Hicks

IN FOR A THIN TIME

Beauty Specialist to Client: "Madame must exercise to get thin. Walk round your limousine every morning"

AS a contrast to this way of looking at things we take the announcement said to have been made by W. T. Tilden, the world-famous American lawn tennis player, just before the opening of the American Lawn Tennis Championship, which he has since won. Prior to this year he, W. M. Johnston, and R. N. Williams—the "big three," one may say, of American lawn tennis—had each won the challenge bowl twice, so that each only wanted to win it once more to make it his very own. Tilden is reported to have said that only if the bowl was won by someone other than one of the three would they be competing again next year. If one of the three won it then it was their intention to retire from competition in the championship. The idea, apparently, was that in the event (which has happened) of the bowl being won outright there would be a new one, and none of the three considered that he would stand much chance of winning it thrice or care to face the hard labour involved in trying to do so. They see no point in entering for the championship unless there is a reasonable prospect of winning it, and the piece of portable property which goes with it, three times. In other words, the enjoyment of championship lawn tennis does not consist, to their way of thinking, in playing the game, but in winning the pot.

RITCHIE has never won the Championship at Wimbledon, and I do not expect that he ever will. I doubt whether he expected to win again at Queen's this year or whether he counts upon retaining his cup next year. But I am prepared to bet that he will go on competing at Wimbledon and at Queen's as long as he is physically capable of doing so, even if he gets beaten (as A. W. Gore, another wonderful veteran, was at Wimbledon this year) in the very first round. We have heard a great deal lately about England's decadence in international sport. That, I venture to think, will be arrested before long. In the meantime we can point to our "grand old men" as the best possible proof that Englishmen get the most fun out of their games because they are content to play them, as our old friend Aristotle would say, for their own sake. H. S. S.

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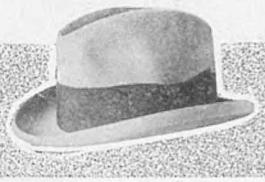

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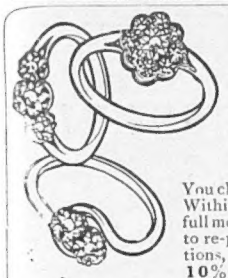

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By George Davey

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THE TEMPLE OF BEAUTY

WHAT ABOUT THE TRUTH ?

BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

MOST Elections are fought on a few subtly chosen parrot cries, with a mixture of sugar-coated Party lies, designed to allure, befuddle and intoxicate the ill-informed and unintelligent herd.

Four years of "Peace" administration have been so militantly extravagant that they have crippled industry. Taxation has been unparalleled, and the national resources ruthlessly squandered; international diplomacy has been so vulgarly bungled that the nation's word is mistrusted; and the contempt of the incompetent rulers for constitutional methods have brought England to the verge of ruin.

Whom shall we elect to accept this legacy of debt and chaos? The Labour Party? They are not intelligent enough to be any worse but they would be precious little better, and their theories of practical economics are puerile. They are not fit to govern. Vulgarity breeds too quickly, and we are suffering from a surfeit. This mixture of horny-handed tub thumpers and anæmic so-called intellectuals does not represent the blood of England.

To capture votes they will make wild promises impossible of fulfilment, and in the attempt to carry out their programme they would smash industry and reduce prosperity to a shadow.

What about the truth? What of the picture of England as a poor country with years of hard struggle in front of her to pay the cost of a devastating war and deplorable bureaucratic waste?

Let us have done with idiotic ideals and mad millenniums. The nation is sick of lying promises and demands a régime of truth. Let us vote for the candidate who shows the best credentials to honesty by promising least and so long as he and his Party agree to practise rigid economy and maintain the long-awaited peace, that will be the nearest we shall approach towards any political millennium.

Let the impotent Parliaments of Europe only sleep in their council chambers, and the virile world will be left free to beget prosperity.

Incidentally, that is the method of my government of Pope and Bradley. I maintain the peace in my office, whilst, undisturbed, my craftsmen produce the best clothes in the world. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Overcoats from £7 7s.

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